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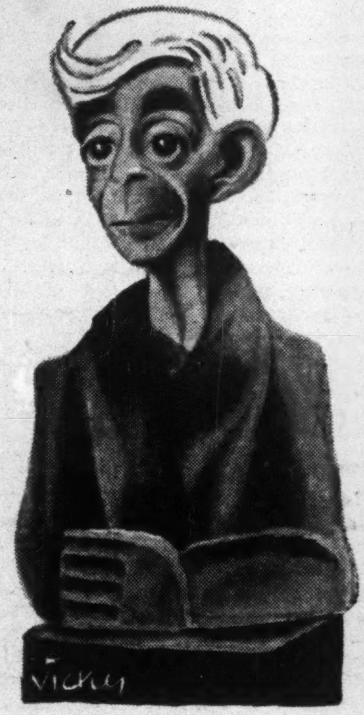

ZADKINE
John Berger

★

ALGERIA
K. S. Karol
Alexander Werth

★

Profile of
GRAHAM GREENE

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
In Transit

★

A. J. P. TAYLOR
Do-it-yourself History

Can Labour Look Forward?

As Mr Macmillan settles down to his fifth year of office he faces a divided and demoralised opposition. No one who cares for democracy can be happy about that fact, because weak opposition leads to bad government, and the most urgent task in British politics is to restore the Labour Party to the point where it once again offers an effective challenge to the Tories. But how can it be done?

Labour's crisis is not merely political. Once again, as in 1956, the party is in financial difficulty, with Transport House running an annual deficit of more than £50,000, and there is little immediate prospect of stopping this drain except by economies in staff and propaganda. But such measures, needed in this emergency, will in the longer run intensify the crisis. Already a large part of the Labour machine is, despite the Wilson reforms, amateurish and inadequate, making no headway at all.

Some people put all the blame for this on the faction-fighting which has distracted the party in recent years, and especially since Scarborough. But disputes about policy do not necessarily destroy morale, or even antagonise potential members and voters. Labour gained ground in the Thirties when Cripps and Bevan were stumping the country against the leadership; and its membership and the level of activity rose during the Bevanite controversy. The difference today is that, after a remarkably vigorous election campaign in which the party briefly recovered its self-confidence, its various factions stopped debating the way in which it could best attack the government and – at the cost of dissipating the energies of the most active and politically conscious members – began to attack each other.

In such a situation, made worse by successive election defeats and by years of name-calling, formal appeals for unity will achieve little. Nor will the 'Look Forward' campaign, now launched by the National Executive in a bid to build up the membership and improve the party machine, gain ground unless individual morale can be raised. For morale is a matter of politics as well as organisation; that is what the vigour of the election campaign demonstrated.

How then can Labour resume the offensive against the Tories, restoring both its own strength and the vitality of the two-party system? It has, in fact, the most effective platform it has produced since 1945. *Labour in the Sixties*, which has had less attention than it deserves, is a great advance even on the last election manifesto. It did not make much of a mark when it appeared last year, partly because the party was so preoccupied with its internal feuds. But it offers the Labour Party a clear restatement of its Socialist objective in modern terms.

What is now most needed is to focus discussion within the party on the way that this objective is to be achieved, not to concentrate every argument on defence issues and the party leadership. For important though both nuclear policy and the role of the parliamentary party may be, they are issues that a revitalised party ought to deal with in its stride.

Last year the Clause Four controversy emphasised again that the vital dividing line in British politics still lies between those who believe in a Socialist policy built around public ownership, and those who do not. In *Labour in the Sixties* Morgan Phillips rightly insisted that an effective alternative to the Tories can be offered only by those who want a different kind of social system; it is not enough merely to disagree about the way the affluent society should be run.

Looking forward means looking for points of growth. Today these are to be found among younger people, as the success of the Young Socialists even in adverse conditions has shown; among the trade unions, where a new and in some ways more radical generation of leaders is emerging; and among the increasing number of ordinary voters who find the Macmillan regime morally and socially unsatisfying. There is, in the country as a whole, a vague but unmistakable mood of anxiety about the future. It is Labour's opportunity and obligation to give it a cutting edge.

Comments on the Week's News

Africa

The Casablanca Conference

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The unifying factor in last week's African little Summit at Casablanca was the persistent emotion of anti-colonialism. The conference could not be considered as representative of independent Africa, for it was not attended by the French Community states, nor by Nigeria, Tunisia, Liberia or Ethiopia. Moreover, the traditionalist Moslem King Mohammed of Morocco has little in common with the new republican anti-nationalist rulers of Ghana, Guinea and Mali; President Nkrumah sees more value in the UN force in the Congo than do any of the other delegates; President Nasser still pursues his anti-Israel line, although Ghana has kept strong economic and some political links with the Israelis. Even M. Ferhat Abbas, leader of the FLN, had to resist the rest of the Conference in its desire to break off diplomatic relations with France.

It is easy to see, therefore, that the delegates – Morocco, Ghana, Guinea, Mali, United Arab Republic, Libya and the Algerian provisional government – had many points of division. It is equally easy to see the suspicions dividing them from the French Community states which met at Brazzaville last month. And it is now becoming clear that, for the time being at least, there is a third group, consisting of Nigeria, Sudan, Tunisia, Liberia and Ethiopia, unwilling to join either of these two contending factions. But it would be shortsighted to conclude that nothing of importance emerged from Casablanca. Most immediately important is the attitude of the seven states towards the Congo. Admittedly, as a result of President Nkrumah's lone battle, the unanimous decision to withdraw troops from the UN force was not attached to any specific date. Yet it is clear that the support of these seven states for UN intervention in the Congo can now be regained only on the specific conditions that Mr Lumumba is released, Mobutu's forces disarmed, and parliament recalled.

These three conditions appear eminently reasonable if order and constitutional government are to be restored. They are in fact alternatives, but not necessarily contradictions, to the plan which emerged from the Brazzaville conference. Arising out of that, President Kasavubu has been persuaded to have a round-table conference of all Congolese leaders, and President Tshombe has announced that he will sponsor a similar move. These conferences would precede the recall of parliament. The Casablanca states, however, demand that parliament reassembles first. Compromise is possible between the two plans, but only if it is recognised that the release of Lumumba is essential.

If the western powers wish to exercise any further influence with these emerging African powers, they must support this initiative in the Security Council, as well as backing up Mr Hammarskjold's rebuke for the Belgian aggression against pro-Lumumba forces when Mobutu troops were allowed to pass through the trust territory, Ruanda-Urundi.

In all probability the decisions on setting up an African High Command and a Consultative Assembly will not immediately be put into practice. But both concepts show that, even now, independent Africa is seeking a wider unity and security than is to be found within national frontiers. In this they are well ahead of European thought; and again, although at present each of the three groups of states hesitates before the practical act of joining together politically, militarily or economically, the ideal is accepted by each. In the near future we are going to see entirely new constitutional forms emerge in Africa.

Meanwhile in the Congo itself the situation in Katanga provides further evidence of immediate danger of a relapse into civil war. Taking advantage of the revolt of the Baluba tribe in north Katanga, Mr Lumumba's supporters appear to have penetrated deep into the heart of the province, setting up their base at Manono. The presence of several hundred pro-Lumumba troops, together with the Baluba tribesmen, is an obvious threat to the Tshombe government of Katanga. In Manono there are also 200 Nigerian troops of the UN force. President Tshombe is demanding that they disarm the invaders and compel them to withdraw. It might be possible, in view of the shortage of supplies from which the Lumumba forces are suffering, for the UN force to accomplish this. Obviously, however, it cannot do so without appearing to intervene in an internal political dispute. The most that the UN can do at present is to try and keep opposing troops apart and prevent civil war. This is possible only for a very short time. Thus, unless civil war is to engulf every part of the Congo territory, it is essential to bring Lumumba out of jail immediately and get all the representative leaders round the conference table: only some form of political decision, however temporary, can save the UN operation from collapse and the Congo from disaster.

Kenyatta Release?

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The rumours of the impending release from restriction of Jomo Kenyatta seem this time to be well-founded. For long the choice has been between the British colonial government releasing Kenyatta before the impending Kenya elections, or the release being ordered immediately after the elections, when an African majority will have been established. Now that leading members of the African resistance to Mau Mau are openly in favour of Kenyatta's release, it has become easier for the British government to take the responsibility without seeming to betray those Africans who fought against Mau Mau.

Politically Kenyatta's release is becoming ever more important. Whether or not he was ever personally involved in Mau Mau may never be determined, but the fact that he is the only individual capable of securing African support from most sides is undeniable. As the elections approach, with party political rivalries intensifying and taking on an alarmingly tribal character, the danger of conflict within the African community has sharpened. There remains just the chance that an early release of Kenyatta will enable some form of common purpose to be attained when the Africans for the first time take over major responsibility for the future of the country. Sir Patrick Renison, the Governor, had sufficient experience with Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana to recognize the symptoms. His influence, together with that of Mr Macleod, is expected to be decisive with the Cabinet.

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Steel

High Hopes

An Industrial Correspondent writes: Just as their industrial processes make the best pictures, the public-relations activities of the steel barons invariably make the happiest reading. Pride and confidence, interrupted only occasionally by querulousness at the Coal Board for raising prices, mark the volumes of company reports currently appearing – as well as the Iron and Steel Board's analysis of the future (*The Outlook for Steel*). Productive capacity in 1960 was 26 million; and output 24.3 million tons. Twenty years ago it was merely 12 million. (World production meanwhile has trebled.) In 1960 the industry spent £130 million on expansion. In the next four years it will spend another £450 million and increase capacity by nearly one-third. In the past year output of tubes is up by 12 per cent, of sheet and tinplate by 14 per cent, of heavy sections and bars by an extraordinary 26 per cent. And, as if this grand sweep of statistics was not triumph enough, the industry no longer has the impossible task of glossing-over that standing indictment of its lack of foresight and initiative - the import of sheet steel to meet the demand of motor-car makers.

The big slump in car sales at home and abroad now enables our own mills to meet demand for sheet. It may offer some consolation to the tens of thousands of workers now on short-time in the motor-car and accessories industries and, to a certain extent, in the domestic appliances business, which between them use one ton of steel for every six produced, that what they are losing on the swings, the economy is gaining on the roundabouts.

The industry's enthusiasm, however, seems misplaced. For all its plans, total production this year is unlikely to increase by more than two per cent, although, of course, this figure will vary sharply in different kinds of product. Sustained demand for heavy and stainless steel from the present activities of the engineering and building industries should make the north happy. The question mark hangs over South Wales where the sheet and tinplate mills are so largely concentrated.

Thus the melters at Margam were taking it as a sign of the times that the Steel Company of Wales felt able to suspend them for a week after Christmas over a dispute about the length of the holidays. The sceptics among them were wondering if this would have happened if the motor-car industry had been booming. The tinplate workers have been on a four-day week for the past three weeks. If demand for motor-cars leaps after the Budget, then, for a while at least, there will be no problem. In 1962, however, the new strip mills at Llanwern in Monmouthshire and at Ravenscraig in Scotland will come into operation (SCOW will also roll ingots at Llanwern). The erection of these enormous works is keeping engineering shops busy; but when they are completed how busy can they in turn expect to be? Ravenscraig alone will have a productive capacity of half a million tons of sheet steel and 175,000 tons of light plates, intended partly to meet the motor-car industry's expansion programme in Scotland. As yet there is no sign that the car manufacturers plan to 're-phase', as it is euphemistically put, their planned expansion but they must be wondering if – with government aid – they have bitten off more than they can chew. The argument that the nation might be healthier for concentrating expansion in the capital engineering field rather than in motor cars or washing machines or television sets, raises graver questions perhaps too late in the day.

Crime

The Teddy Boy Jungle

A Correspondent writes: How far is delinquency among young people due to emotional disturbance in early childhood? It has always been difficult to answer this question because, by the time a young offender comes in contact with a probation officer or social psychiatrist, his later troubles tend to mask his earlier experiences. It has also been hard to test psychological theories about the cause of delinquency against adequate statistics. The late Margery Fry, for instance, believed that fluctuations in the delinquency rate could be related to the different social conditions in which successive generations of children grew up – such as the war or depression years – but she was unable to overcome the technical problems involved in demonstrating this statistically.

By an ingenious method of analysis, however, this has now been done by Mr Leslie T. Wilkins of the Home Office Research Unit (*Delinquent Generations*. HMSO. 1s. 6d.) who has shown that there is a definite relation between the delinquency rate and social situation during a child's fourth and fifth years. It is the children born between 1936 and 1941 who account for the sharp increase in juvenile convictions since the war: those born before and after these dates are significantly less likely to run into trouble.

This point broadly confirms what common observation suggests. These are the children whose fathers were away at the war, whose mothers were working, whose early years were punctuated by domestic upheaval, evacuation and bombing. But the interesting point about these statistics is the precision with which they point to the fifth (or the immediately pre-school) year as the decisive one. This conclusion is underlined by a similar set of figures for the preceding wave of delinquency, showing that those who passed their fifth year in the worst period of the depression also were an unusually disturbed generation.

Much more research is needed to follow up this clue. It may be that four is the age at which the child first becomes really sensitive to stresses in the home that are due to outside events such as war or unemployment. It may be that, at this age, it suffers most from the absence of its father, or the devaluation of the father within the home as a result of unemployment. (There is some evidence, from other sources, that many who have migrated overseas since the war had disturbed childhoods.) But the data in this pamphlet is too limited for anything more than speculation about causes. Its importance lies in its demonstration that from the age of eight onwards – when juveniles first appear before the courts – those born in the immediate pre-war years have a consistently worse record, and that as they have begun to reach adult years they are proving even more prone to crime than in adolescence.

Mental Health

March to Sanity

GEOFFREY DRAIN *writes:* In mental health, the transition from custodial care to a recognition that psychiatric disorders can be dealt with on the same footing as physical ills has been increasing over the last ten years, and has been formally recognised by the Mental Health Act, 1959, which is now in full operation. The area of compulsion has been greatly reduced, the Board of Control abolished, Mental Health Review Tribunals established, and much increased responsibilities placed on major local authorities for psychiatric care on a community, as opposed to an institutional basis.

This is progress. Yet many question marks remain. Although local authorities now have the responsibility of providing a wide range of mental health services, how effectively will they do this within the framework of the block grant system, which makes no specific allowance for this work? How soon can the vast, isolated mid-Victorian mental hospitals be replaced by psychiatric clinics and day hospitals, with mental treatment wings of general hospitals for those who do not fit into the pattern of community care? Are there sufficient trained staff to undertake the work, and is enough known about the duties of different officers? Are authorities facing the necessity of paying realistic salaries to key people such as psychiatric social workers and mental health workers? Finally, how much is known about community care in the full sense, which would include resettlement in work and social follow-up?

Neither the Act nor past experience provide the full answers to these and other relevant questions, and the first reactions of local authorities have disclosed more than a little doubt. It is reassuring therefore that, with the aid of a grant from the Nuffield Provincial Trust, PEP has undertaken a three-year study of the mental health services with particular emphasis on community care. A preliminary broadsheet giving a general background to the study brings out the extent of the problem and shows how much research has to be done. The study will certainly make a contribution. It will add greater knowledge to the advanced conception of mental health care which is embodied in much of the 1959 Act. It cannot, however, provide the third ingredient for success, which is the investment of public money on a much larger scale in one of the most important social projects of our time – the application of modern techniques to the full recovery and rehabilitation of those who have suffered from the tragic affliction of mental disorder.

Moscow

A Little Bit of Culture

A Correspondent writes: The unenthusiastic reception the press has accorded the new Anglo-Russian cultural agreement is not quite fair to Mr Godber, the lowly Under-Secretary who signed it. In the light of the post-U2 freeze, which has affected Soviet exchanges with the western world in a number of ways, we are lucky to get one at all. Moreover, the fact that the new treaty is to run for a two-year period suggests that the day may soon come when such contacts can be placed on a permanent basis.

Admittedly the Russians have not conceded much. They flatly refused to allow the free sale of British periodicals in Russia, or to discontinue the jamming of BBC broadcasts which was imposed after the U2 flight. The BBC calculate that about 30 per cent of their programmes are still jammed, though the Russians now state that the figure has been reduced to 17 per cent, and is still falling. We can only hope that it will, in time, be tacitly abandoned. Experience shows that the BBC is still the best means of presenting an objective viewpoint to Russia. A recent survey in *US News and World Report* revealed that, whereas Russian listeners had a profound distrust for Radio Free Europe and other American-sponsored stations, they regarded the BBC as reliable because, they argued, its factual content, when checked against straightforward news reports in the Soviet press, was invariably found to be accurate.

At the same time the British team won some useful minor concessions. A new British-edited quarterly, *Angliya*, is to appear: unofficial reports about its staff suggest it will be both enterprising and intelligent. There is to be an increase in technological exchanges, which in the past have proved to be easily the best way of eliminating mutual distrust. And Britain is to receive a superb procession of Soviet artists, including the Maryinsky Ballet from Leningrad, which has never visited the West before. Now that the treaty is in the bag, a number of little local difficulties seem likely to be removed – one of them being the bureaucratic ban imposed on Soviet entries for the Grand National.

The most important field of contacts, however, really lies outside the scope of any formal agreement. Tourist exchanges are still tiny: 1,500 Russian tourists visited Britain in 1960, while 7,000 Britons went to Russia. But the figures are rising fast: the number of British tourists nearly doubled last year, despite the Summit crisis on the eve of the tourist seasons, while Russian visitors increased fourfold. With the increase of Soviet living standards, and the growth of an internal tourist trade, Russia is now becoming an attractive proposition for foreign holidaymakers. This is a tide which hostility at the top will find it hard to stem.

Fleet Street

Samaritans and Pharisees

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* The Congo is a long way away and accurate news is not always easy to come by. All the same it seems a little strange that only three national dailies, including those not always among the ones most highly regarded by high-minded readers of the serious press, should think it important to continue to impress upon their readers the fact that thousands of children are starving in the Congo for lack of the aid that the civilised world, including newspaper readers, could send.

The *Daily Herald* has been the most consistent in putting the terrible situation before its readers. Ever since the facts were made known by the Red Cross at Christmas, it has campaigned vigorously and continuously for quick action. 'On The World's Conscience' read its first banner-headline, and this it has repeated again and again in a humanitarian campaign of great force and imaginative understanding. It was, so far as I can trace, almost alone among papers last week in condemning the pitiably inadequate response of the British Government. 'On The World's Conscience: Britain Spares £5,000 for the Starving', read its bitter front-page headlines following the news that: 'After a week of anxious thought the British Government has worked out how much it can afford for the relief of 100,000 men, women and children whose plight has troubled the world's conscience. The sum is £5,000.' It was alone too in giving prominence last Saturday to the announcement that the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation has launched a £2m. relief programme for the Baluba refugees in the Congo (a fact that most of the press did not apparently regard as worth even a paragraph).

Presumably they have had more serious matters than dying children on their minds: it has been left to the *Daily Mirror* and to a lesser extent the *Daily Sketch* to add their unpatrician voices to the appeal. On Friday the *Mirror*, with one of those superb journalistic gestures with which every now and then when its heart is touched it redeems all its triviality and sensationalism, published a 'Shock Issue'. The whole of the front, back and centre pages of the paper were entirely devoted to driving home to its 14 million readers by brilliant picture presentation and forceful explanatory text just what starvation in the Congo means in human terms and what they could and must do about it: 'You can help to put flesh on these bones. Money is the most urgent need. Money to buy milk and food for starving mothers and children. Money for medical supplies and transport to bring relief to remote villages.' A list of the addresses to which money should be sent followed. *Mirror* readers have a record of benevolence: the preceding day it had been able to announce that they had contributed no less than £19,650 to its 'Old Codgers' Christmas appeal. The pictures of starving children it published in its shock issue were of a kind to touch the hearts of those less generous-spirited than *Mirror* readers commonly are.

The *Daily Sketch* did not turn over quite so much of its space to pictures of starvation as the *Daily Mirror*, but it too gave the whole of its middle-page spread to the Congo tragedy, with one powerful picture spread across the two pages of a mother and a starving child lying by the roadside and the caption: 'A mother and child wait for the well-fed world to play the Good Samaritan.' So far as most of the press was concerned, it seemed that they could go on waiting, for the startling fact is that no other newspaper published even one of the tragic photographs that the *Mirror* and *Sketch* presented with such force. By Tuesday of this week both the *Herald* and the *Mirror* were able to report that already the money was rolling in, some of it in ten shilling notes, postal orders and even pennies. The serious press as a whole however continued to remain unperturbed.

One must also, I am afraid, report that on the whole readers of the 'quality' press fared worse than those of the 'popular' press in learning what was actually happening in Laos. Most newspapers seemed at first quite willing, with only a few doubts and reservations, to take at their face value Prince Boun Oum's reports of what was happening there and the American endorsement of them. Not so the *Daily Express*. While the State Department view was getting most of the headlines, it flew its Far Eastern reporter, Bertram Jones, to the spot to see for himself. He reported in a story, which the *Express* very properly splashed all across its front page and which had a notable effect on both press and official opinion in the following days: 'Attacking Red Battalions Are An Invention: Invasion? No, A *Hoax*'. 'There is,' read his dispatch, 'no foreign invasion of Laos, the little neighbour of Red China. There are no battalions of Communist troops from North Viet Nam, China's satellite state, marching into Laos by mountain jungle roads to create a situation which might spark off a new Korea-type war.' And after giving all the evidence he had acquired on the spot to show conclusively that all that had happened was a hotting-up of the customary 'home-grown guerrilla' fighting, he concluded: 'The Prime Minister, Prince Boun Oum, knows his team is unpopular. He hopes to win support by presenting Laos as a victim of outside aggression . . . the tighter the tension, the more US aid can be pulled in.' It is a view which even the State Department is now being forced to accept. The *Express* can take credit for getting in first.

The Algerian Week

Paris: K. S. Karol

The magnitude of General de Gaulle's victory in the Referendum has surprised even the Elysées itself. The General can now claim, with justice, that the country has placed its confidence in him to carry out his Algerian policy. The trouble is that we have no clearer idea now than before the vote what this policy is. On one point, however, all the commentators are unanimous: the vote was an overwhelming defeat for the extreme right. M. Soustelle in Lyons, M. Duchet in Beaune, M. Tixier-Vignancour, Orthez and Co. in the West and East of France – all were humbled. In the traditionally right-wing regions, de Gaulle got over 80 per cent of the votes. By contrast, in the Paris working class suburbs, the CP showed that it could still bring out its vote, and in a dozen areas actually managed to beat de Gaulle. According to the calculations of *France-Soir*, of the 25 per cent who voted against the General, 21 per cent came from the left: this means that the *Algérie Française* vote in metropolitan France is a mere 4 per cent. It is self-evident, too, that most of the abstentions came from the left.

At the same time, the left-wing anti-Gaullists have no reason to be pleased with the result. It seemed to me, right from the start of the campaign, that the Communists, M. Mendès-France and the Independent Socialists were unwise to recommend a No vote rather than abstention. In the first place, it was clear that this type of referendum, which is in effect a plebiscite, was bound to end in the victory of the man in power. Secondly, whatever criticisms one might make of the Gaullist regime, it is plain that the General is a determined adversary of the *Algérie Française* myth – and this in itself is an enormous improvement on previous governments, including Guy Mollet's. Thirdly, while recommending a No vote, the left made no attempt to fight a serious campaign – as if it was afraid that, should de Gaulle lose, he might return to Colombey-les-deux-Eglises. The CP held only one meeting in Paris; M. Mendès-France merely published an article in *L'Express;* while the Independent Socialists, led by M. Depreux, soft-pedalled the whole thing. It is no good for them to complain now that de Gaulle used public funds – a figure of over £2 million has been mentioned – to finance his campaign.

Nevertheless, the regime's victory does not, of itself, solve anything. True, it has been shown that the 'two bunches of agitators', as de Gaulle calls the Communists and the *ultras*, represent only a quarter of the electorate. But it is also true that they are the only people who have formulated precise ideas about what to do in Algeria – immediate negotiation on the one hand, and *Algérie Française* on the other. There is no third way, and a 75 per cent vote for de Gaulle cannot make one.

Raymond Aron makes the point neatly in *Preuves*. General de Gaulle, he argues, has accepted the idea that independence is inevitable, even imminent. But he wishes to donate it – rather in the way kings donated constitutions – and to avoid any flavour of negotiation, of bargaining. This, he considers, would be unworthy of France and of himself. But he cannot sustain the illusion that the FLN can be excluded from an independent Algeria. So, says Aron, everything comes back to the question which has been asked for the past two years: granted that General de Gaulle, the philosopher of history, recognises that the concept of a French Algeria is dead and an independent Algeria inevitable, for how much longer can General de Gaulle, the Head of State, refuse to hold the negotiations without which the contradiction between his strategy and his tactics will be prolonged? Having recognised the end, how can he continue to refuse the means?

Exactly. The General now has his hands

NEXT WEEK

Holiday Travel

A special supplement including

James Cameron on Travel at Short Notice

Kingsley Martin on Strange Waters

Caribbean Crisis

by PAUL JOHNSON

entirely free for talks with the FLN. The frenzied appeals of Marshal Juin and Co. have had no effect on public opinion, and it is perfectly obvious that if de Gaulle sat down at the same table with Ferhat Abbas tomorrow he would carry France with him. But does he want to? Or will he persist in his belief that an independent Algeria can be created 'from above', and handed down as a gift, without the participation of the FLN? The Referendum did not answer these questions; they are vital ones.

Algeria: Alexander Werth

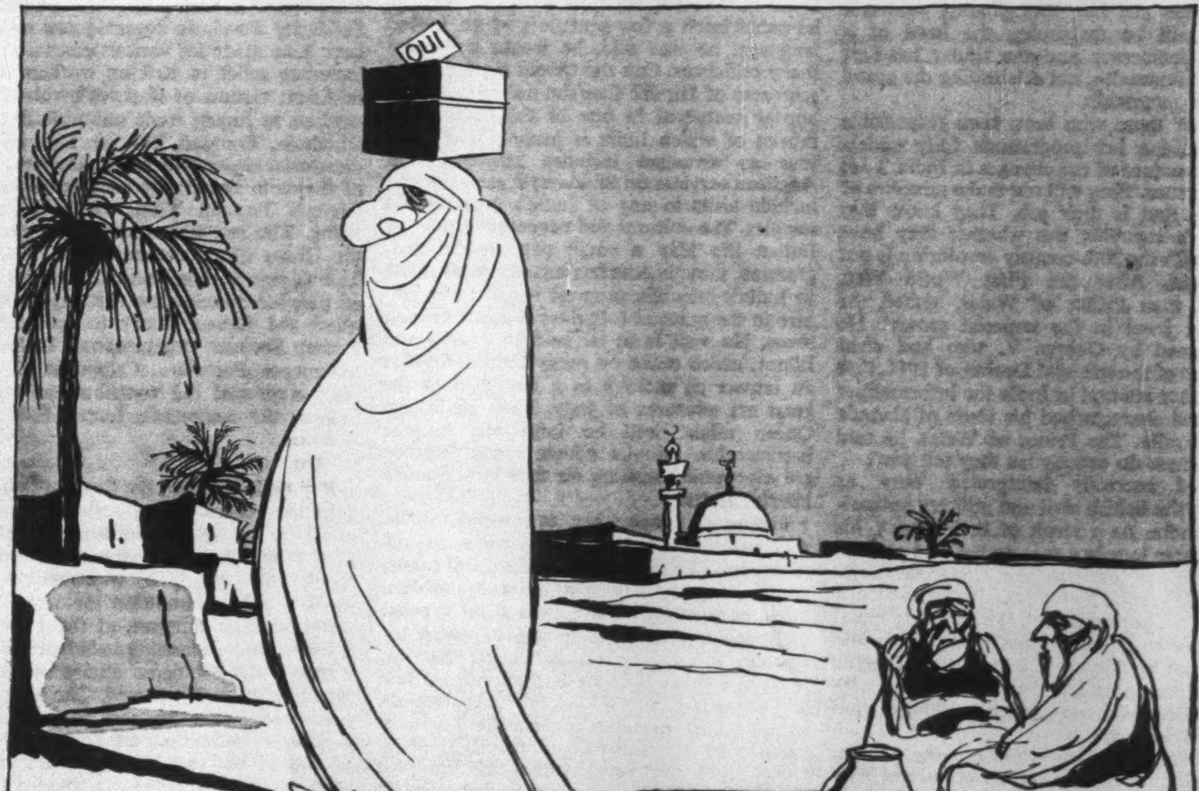
An elderly Moslem businessman I know, who, throughout the fantastic week I had spent in eastern Algeria, had been extremely careful and noncommittal, said this Monday morning – when the results from metropolitan France were complete but the Algerian figures were still slow in coming – 'Well, de Gaulle got his French plebiscite, Abbas got his Algerian plebiscite.' How? I asked. 'Perfectly simple. Abbas gave orders to abstain and boycott the Referendum. In the large cities, where no pressure against the Moslem masses was possible, abstention was almost complete. If in the countryside the Army had not engineered the voting, the whole Moslem population throughout Algeria would have boycotted the Referendum.'

How true is this assertion? Take this city, Bône, a big Mediterranean iron-ore, phosphates and wine port, with a population of 130,000, of whose 70,000 registered voters nearly half are Europeans. Some 23,000 voted No, 6,000 voted Yes, and 40,000 boycotted the Referendum. Since Thursday there had been tremendous nervous tension, with countless rumour of impending Moslem rioting on Sunday. All the green cloth had been bought up and shops were making hundreds of FLN flags. Another rumour was that Abbas had suddenly ordered the Moslems to vote Yes. The Moslems were scared of *ultra* demonstrations on the Algiers December model; European and Moslem housewives were putting in several days' stores, and the streets were deserted at nightfall. On Friday hundreds of red-beretted paratroopers were brought in, parading in jeeps and armoured cars through the central streets of Bône, ostensibly to reassure Europeans.

Yet on Sunday the voting was perfectly calm. Everywhere the picture was the same. In the Moslem quarters, the polling stations were deserted. The Europeans were voting heavily No, but at several polling stations I was informed by the chairman: 'Twenty, twenty-five, thirty Moslems voted, but all belonging to the administration. Others had obviously been given word to abstain.' For example, a station predominantly Moslem, in the Rue Armandy, shows 1,006 registered voters, 49 Yeses, 110 Noes and about 850 abstentions. The *ultras* said that any Europeans voting Yes were mostly Jews and some soldiers.

It is a different picture in the countryside, which I toured on Saturday. At heart the Army is very divided about the vote, some officers resenting their instructions to try to make the Moslems vote Yes. Nevertheless, the majority of the Army appears to have conformed. At Duzerville, Mendovi, and other towns and villages south of Bône, I saw truckfuls of mostly middle-aged and elderly Moslems being brought by the Army to vote. Young Moslems were apparently much more difficult to persuade. The Army's doings were sharply and vociferously resented by some *colons*: the mayor of one biggish township blew up in my presence, saying he could prove that one officer brought a truckful of 100 Moslem women and warned them they would be in trouble if they didn't vote Yes. On the other hand, another *colon* boasted that all his 80 labourers and their wives voted No when threatened with the sack. The Moslems don't believe there was much secrecy in the vote. Many also doubt the genuineness of the official results in Algeria, where only in the large cities, they say, is faking difficult.

What now? Nobody much believes in the solidity of temporary institutions based solely on the Third Force. The Moslems say, however, that de Gaulle has now shown how Algeria really feels and the Referendum in France has given him enough authority to start immediate negotiations with Abbas. Otherwise there's a danger of the intensification of the civil war and the terrorist atmosphere throughout Algeria. They argue that there's room for discussions, as Algeria is an underdeveloped country needing France and curiously accustomed to France despite everything. The Europeans, who were shaken by de Gaulle's victory in France, are now thinking in terms of an arrangement between de Gaulle and Abbas whereby moderate FLN leaders would share the administration, with the Army staying on at least for several years. Anyway, they are amenable to some arrangement with the FLN, for since December they are convinced, and this was proved by the success of the boycott of the Referendum in large cities, that Algerian nationalism is an immense explosive force in their very midst. The immediate danger is that extreme *ultras* may provoke something irreparable to win over the Army, even though the mass of Europeans are today strangely subdued and fatalistic.



'They say she's going to reveal herself any day now.'

The Queen's Visit

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Delhi is now the eastern capital of the non-Communist world. A stream of top-flight politicians pours through the city; in this it differs from New York and London only in receiving a higher proportion of Asian and African visitors. The reception of these high personages is always excited and curious, often enthusiastic; the only exception I recall was when Chou En-lai visited Delhi last April to discuss the border problems he himself created. President Eisenhower was almost overwhelmed. And Mr Krushchev discovered on his first visit with President Bulganin that the masses of India were equally ready for friendship with Russia and with the West. The Queen and the Duke, who are to leave for India at the end of next week, will be greeted with more enthusiasm than any of their predecessors; partly because the Queen is a woman and partly because she is a Queen.

In the minds of sophisticated Indians, as well as of the British, the Queen's visit must have a special symbolic quality. It is, after all, only 13 years since the British ceased to be the colonial rulers of India. The Queen will drive along the Rajpath and the Janpath, main avenues leading from Government House which only a few years ago were Kingsway and Queensway. She will pass large and ugly statues of her grandfather and great grandmother. She will call on the High Commissioner in an Avenue still named after King George. If she is at all discerning, she will realise that the reason why India does not destroy these reminders of a past imperialism is that she is a great independent country which can afford to disregard past humiliations which she has triumphantly outlived. Indians will be welcoming the head of a friendly democracy and the titular head of the Commonwealth, not celebrating the grand tour of a memsahib.

Whether those who have been responsible for organising her programme fully understand the nature of the changes in India, I am not quite sure. They will not make mistakes of protocol; that is their job. They know that India is a republic. But whether they have moved with the 20th-century revolution is not so certain. After the First World War, Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited the 'brightest jewel in the imperial crown'. He was warned by George V, who had vivid memories of the splendid Durbar of 1911, that he must not attempt in India the informalities which had characterised his tours of Canada and Australia. The Prince of Wales, he said sternly, must do exactly 'as they tell you'.

Edward correctly interpreted *'they'* as meaning the British civil and military authorities in India. As a result of their advice, his visit became largely a race on the part of these authorities to outstrip the Congress *hartal* which, they explained to the Prince, was due to Gandhi's 'intimidation'. When he left India, the Prince had at least been made aware that he had not been in touch with Indian realities; he knew that polo and royal processions with Maharajahs were no longer the things that mattered in India.

No such problems confront the Queen. Externally, her visit is certain of success. Her provisional itinerary includes visits to Pakistan Nepal and Iran; in India it will carry the royal visitors to Madras and Bangalore in the south as well as to Calcutta and Delhi in the north. What is in doubt about the royal visit is whether it will serve a constructive purpose in convincing Indians that the fact that England retains a monarchy does not prevent her from understanding and, indeed, closely collaborating with a free India in the throes of democratic revolution. The royal couple will pay short, formal visits in a precise hour-by-hour schedule to a large variety of Indian institutions, to some great industrial projects and to at least one novel rural experiment. It must be freely admitted that it is extremely difficult to propose a programme which most Indians would regard as balanced and representative, and most difficult of all to enable the Queen to see either places or people at her leisure.

Perhaps the only way of solving the problem would be for the Queen to depart from the routine of royal visits and deliberately to show interest in everyday Indian life. If the Queen and the Duke were to take a few hours off some day and talk informally to some university students, or pay an unexpected visit to some Indian villages where revolutionary attempts to break the ancient pattern are being attempted – that would do more to win Indian hearts than all the formal speeches that the Queen will make at the 25 formal receptions on her schedule. One would have liked to think that she and the Duke would actually pass through the extraordinary streets of Benares with their fantastic mixture of cars, cattle, camels, pi-dogs, carts and beggars; that she would drive along the road from the Calcutta airport to the centre of the city and thus get some notion of the misery of refugee life and death by the roadside.

One bit of good advice was given to the Duke of Windsor when he went to India: if he could learn a few sentences of an Indian language, he was told, he would overcome many criticisms. Can the Queen master a few sentences of Hindi? Can she not on occasion appear costumed in one of the magnificent fabrics of which India is justly proud? The tour as arranged includes attendance at Anglican services on Sundays; it seems not to include visits to any of India's great Hindu temples. The cultural and educational sides of Indian life play a small part in the programme, though genuflections are to be made to India's scientific progress – and to its culture in the guise of folk dances and a fashion show. No visit is to be paid to Ajanta and Ellora, which make on many English visitors an impact as exciting as a first visit to the great art treasures of Italy. Then again, the Queen might well be impressed by the innumerable assaults which Indian women are everywhere making on their traditionally inferior status.

Indians will expect her, as a woman, to be specially interested in their work in the spheres of education, child welfare and family planning. Some attention to such activities might be worth her while, even at the expense of attendance at horse racing, in which the Queen's interest is not in doubt. No less important perhaps is the bad impression that will be made if, as it is said, the Queen intends to take part in tiger shoots, the favourite pastime of Maharajahs and British imperial rulers, and the very symbol of the past colonial regime. Nothing will be quite so certain to evoke satirical comments in the Indian press; some people will even remember the occasion on which, according to report, a royal personage was informed that he had shot a tiger whose talons were golden

London Diary

CHARON

When fellow-travellers complained of excessive Stalin-worship they used to be told by Soviet apologists that Stalin hated it himself but allowed his distaste to be overruled in the interests of rallying the non-party masses who needed a concrete father figure. We know all about that story and the amount of concrete it caused. The fact is all politicians, however dissimilar, have their actressy side. This is what makes the kind of exercise in Macmillan-worship in which the editor of the *Daily Mail* has just been indulging so dangerous. It doesn't matter so much if the Tory subtopian asses accept the image sedulously scratched by dear old Illingworth of a demi-god or tweed duke at the helm. It does matter very much to us all if Mr M becomes any more complacent. At present, he gives you the impression that his faith in his winning streak is so strong that he believes he can go on beating both the book and the one-armed bandit. 'Broadly speaking, you know, we are still in a big boom,' he was assuring us over our breakfasts, on Tuesday. At lunch-time in Liverpool Selwyn Lloyd was sounding the export alarm.

★ ★ ★

You might think, from all the fuss about the decision of the TUC to lend the Belgian trade unions £50,000 free of interest, that international trade union solidarity was a new invention of the devil. In fact it is a continuous process, part of an established tradition. If you read the reports of the General Council of the TUC you will see that in 1959, for instance, British trade unions raised more than £160,000 for the International Solidarity Fund. In recent years allocations have been made for various cases and causes, including relief to striking workers' families in Aden; victims of disputes involving mine-workers in Japan; trade unionists in Nigeria, Rhodesia, Trinidad, Tobago, Fiji; victims of dictatorial regimes in South America; victims of floods in Brazil; the accused in the South African Treason Trial; refugees in Hong Kong. The last time there was a dust-up in the House of Commons was in 1948, when Labour was in power and Cripps was accused of bias for relaxing the exchange controls to allow the Labour Party to send £5,000 to French Socialist organisations, including the newspaper *Populaire*. Cripps in his written reply approved the contributions as strengthening the democratic forces. Fair enough.

★ ★ ★

Professor Kapitza, the Soviet physicist, has gone on record in support of Freud. This seems to be so noteworthy a fact that it should be announced as red hot news, even though the speech in which the operative words – albeit somewhat incidental – occur was made last autumn, at the International Symposium on Planning in Science in Prague. I have only just come across the text published in *Scientific World*. The Freud reference comes near the end. Kapitza had just dismissed some papers on philosophical aspects of the social sciences that had been read as boring. They reminded him of Einstein's crack: 'When I study philosophical works I feel that I am swallowing something which I don't have in my mouth.' Then Kapitza added: 'I, too, miss the real quantitative value in a study of philosophy. But I believe this does not always have to be so . . . It suffices to read Pavlov or some Freud to convince one that even in the realm of higher nervous activity there can be quantitative concepts founded on concrete data so that science can create here.'

★ ★ ★

The other red-hot news story in the domain of scientific controversy is Professor Medawar's fierce denunciation of the late Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man*, which got such a rapturous reception from the intelligentsia. Medawar's attack appears in the current number of *Mind*, where the book reviews form a prize-ring renowned for its ferocious no-holds-barred in-fighting. This materialist onslaught is a far stronger battering than poor de Chardin ever got in his own lifetime from his Jesuit Superiors:

> Nonsense tricked out by a variety of tedious metaphysical conceits . . . Cannot be read without a feeling of suffocation, a gasping and flailing around for sense . . . A feeble argument abominably expressed . . . Written in an all but totally unintelligible style . . . If it were an innocent, passive gullibility it would be excusable; but all too clearly, alas, it is an active willingness to be deceived.

De Chardin's thesis of a Supreme Consciousness as the end product of evolution, radiating in every direction from an Omega point, gets dismissed as God-building mumbo-jumbo. Sir Julian Huxley's sympathetic preface is used to wipe the floor after the carnage is over. It looks like a technical knockout. The bout one would like to see next would be Medawar *versus* one of the dialectical materialist old-timers. Meanwhile, de Chardin fans had better take what comfort they can from Bertrand Russell's dictum: 'I yet believe that, by sufficient restraint, there is an element of wisdom to be learned from the mystical way of feeling, which does not seem to be attainable in any other manner.'

★ ★ ★

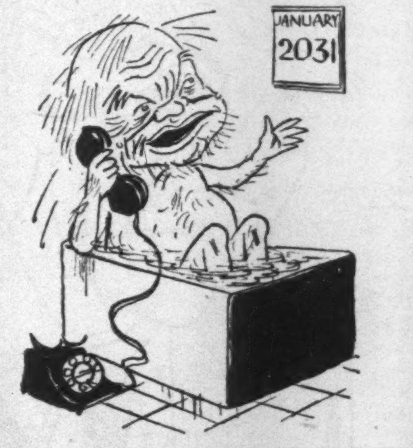
The Whitney family can produce interesting off-beat individuals like Mrs Elmhirst, the Dartington philanthropist; but nobody can accuse the retiring American Ambassador of being an original. There is one story about him that always comes to my mind. It happened when he was an undergraduate at New College in the Twenties. This was in the very early days of transatlantic telephone calls. His father collapsed and died of a heart attack while playing golf on Long Island, leaving some 44 million dollars, a sizeable chunk of the Standard Oil fortune. It was getting on for evening by Greenwich time. Mrs Whitney's secretary put a call through to Oxford to break the news, and was told that Jock Whitney was away somewhere playing polo. When would he be in? The head porter – the stately Churchill, who looked rather like T. H. Huxley and was often mistaken by visitors for the Warden – couldn't say, but it was certain to be by midnight as all the undergraduates had to be in by then unless they had special permission, and Mr Whitney's name wasn't on the Dean's list. The secretary said very well, they would hold the line. Midnight came and still no signs of Jock Whitney. The porter said it could only be a matter of minutes now; perhaps his motor had broken down. But no Jock Whitney arrived. All through the night the call was kept in, the line held open, with Churchill becoming crustier and crustier. There was some heavy tufted eyebrow raising when around breakfast time a report – demonstrably false – was brought by a scout that Mr Whitney had slept in college; but the line was still held, until late in the morning when Jock Whitney reappeared. The total cost of the call was supposed to be somewhere between £2,000 and £3,000. This is one of those stories that bring home to you the force of Scott Fitzgerald's epigram: there's really no difference between us and the rich except that they've got more money.

★ ★ ★

I am rather put out to see that the claim of Old Parr, the most famous of British centenarians, is dismissed in the latest edition of the *Guinness Book Of Records*. This Shropshire satyr died in 1635 aged reputedly 152. Various sceptics and a scientist or two have liked to think that his record might be a genuine one. J. B. S. Haldane once suggested that he could have been a near mutation. He was certainly a sport. The evidence in his case is intriguing. There is the story of his having begotten at the age of 106 a bastard by one Katherine Milton, spinster of his parish, and being made to do a penance standing in the churchyard for three days wearing a white sheet. He afterwards married her. His death was supposed to have been caused by an apoplexy brought on by the excessive hospitality shown him at the Turk's Head in the Strand when he was brought to London to be shown to Charles I. John Taylor, the water-poet, a Thames wherryman who took to the pen, described Parr's appearance in this rather endearing couplet:

From head to heel his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, natural, hairy cover.

Whether the high correlation of hirsuteness with vitality and longevity is real or a figment of popular imagination seems still uncertain. Members of Lord Beaverbrook's staff who have on occasion taken directives from him in his bath will tell you that Taylor's lines apply equally to their master. The prospect of having him with us for another 70 years or more is alarming, though not without its cheerful side.



★ ★ ★

Early yet to expect any alarming symptoms of the new era of unbridled licence that nervous persons are prophesying as a result of Mr Butler's gambling relaxations. The betting shops won't be open until flat racing starts. The new night club casinos have yet to get going. Inveterate gamblers are already pretty well catered for by the private parties where play is often as high as anywhere in Europe. So far, pub landlords do not report any feverish wagering on darts. Meanwhile a friend who has been doing a little field work in the afternoon drinking clubs reports on the fruit machines or one-armed bandits:

> These sixpenny swindles are curiously addictive, though apt to defeat their own ends because the losing runs are so long that the mug soon tires. Surprising how quickly you can run through a pound's worth of sixpences. One club manageress says her bandit is bringing her in £35 a week profit. Contradictions everywhere, of course. I see Siamese students swarming excitedly round a fruit machine to the neglect of the Irish hostesses at the bar. In another haunt of afternoon men, someone comes in with the news that the machine at Lamia's – it sounds like – is temperamental: if you give it a certain kind of shake at the right moment it will cough out the jack-pot. Reminds you of the time Keynes poked his head round the door of the Combination Room at Kings and said: 'I'm away for the week-end; they're playing roulette without a zero at Blankenburgh'.

★ ★ ★

Curious how the vogue in Swiss winter resorts changes over the years. The Bernese Oberland seems to have come right up in the world. Gstaad must be at least as fashionable as St Moritz. Kings and Queens, dukes and Greeks, tycoons and crooners trip over each other's skis on the nursery slopes. It cannot have been very smart or expensive in the Twenties when I was a boy or I should never have been taken there. One potentate we had in Gstaad that year. A little pale podgy man, curvaceous like a penguin. Not at all athletic; no skier. The height of his day's exertion consisted in lugeing down the Palace Hotel drive. I collided with him once outside the gate in spite of his warning scream of Achtung! He was the Shah of Persia, the original King of Kings. He was soon afterwards deposed by Reza Khan's palace revolution, and retired to Paris where he kept a scent shop. We used to see him at dances at the Palace with a strapping German girl about three times his size; she was heavily chaperoned by her mother, who was always falling asleep over a champagne bucket. They would wake her by tickling her neck with a swizzle stick. It was a homely little set-up, something like a Persian William IV, perhaps.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

An 18-year-old naval rating, who produced a knife in a Torquay public house on Christmas Eve, told Torquay magistrates today he bought it to protect his fiancée.

The Chairman, Capt Nelson Clover, told him: 'You are not a very good advertisement of the Royal Navy. Surely your fists are enough to protect yourself. It is only Italians and queer people who use knives.' – *Torquay Herald Express.* (M. E. Yeo.)

Protocol may dictate that the Queen should meet Makarios in Cyprus this month. But there is nothing to force her to shake hands with him. – Letter in *Evening Standard.* (J. Lyde.)

'I don't like contemporary things,' Mrs Harris told us. That's why her husband gave the caravan leaded lights, an olde-worlde interior (except for a cocktail bar!) and had local craftsmen reed-thatch the roof. – *Woman.* (Sylvia Mather.)

'A gross interference with the liberty of the subject and the dog,' was how Lieut-Col R. D. Poole, of West Hendred, described a suggestion that a by-law aimed against dogs fouling the footways should be applied to Wantage rural district. – *Wilts Gazette & Herald.* (C. Marns.)

The Greeneland Aboriginal

'Grum Grin – très formidable!' said the young man from the Sorbonne, and the awe in his voice made the point. Graham Greene is the one living English novelist who arouses responses of curiosity and attention comparable to those set up by Malraux and Silone, Sartre and Camus, Faulkner and Hemingway. Like them, he is somehow more than his books, is indeed almost a way of life.

It is absolutely in character that his new novel, *A Burnt-out Case*, to be published next Monday, is set in the Congo and that Greene was there immediately before its troubles exploded upon us, just as it was in character that his last novel, *Our Man in Havana*, should have anticipated Castro's revolution and that *The Quiet American* before that should have been played out against the background of the Indo-China War.

An early novel was called *It's a Battlefield*, and it would be easy to see in Greene an instance of the novelist as special correspondent – easy, yet not quite true. He is one of the most brilliant journalists of the age, and his is the international scene as it has been no novelist's before him. Yet, whatever the locale of his fiction and no matter how vividly rendered, whether Sweden, Mexico, Sierra Leone, Vietnam, Cuba, the Congo or London, the author is still plainly in Greeneland, annihilating all that's made to a Greene thought in a Greene shade.

Whatever its name, Greeneland is most uncomfortable territory and the aboriginal Greenelander a most uncomfortable person. Of all living authors, he is the one least likely to find himself saddled with a CBE, much less with a K. A Catholic convert, his Catholicism is of a kind that causes scandal and pain among Irish and American Catholics and is no great solace to the Catholic Establishment in Europe. It was typical of him to attack the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris for refusing Christian burial to Colette; and didn't the *Tablet* accuse him of Jansenism when *The Heart of the Matter* appeared?

A clue to his character may lie in his kinship with R. L. Stevenson, to whom he is related on his mother's side. Stevenson has greatly influenced him as a novelist, but one feels the affinity between them goes beyond that. At one time Greene planned to write Stevenson's biography: it might well have thrown light on Greene as well. Certainly in his own career he has translated into reality his collateral's hankering after the life of action; and complex as Stevenson was, Greene is every bit as complex. There are times, as he disappears once again towards one of the earth's obscurer trouble-spots, when he recalls those 19th-century explorers who marched across Africa and whom Alan Moorehead has recently celebrated in *The White Nile* – and then one remembers that Greene has in fact marched across Africa and left a memorable record of it in *Journey without Maps*.

Now 56, Greene is one of the four sons of the late Canon Greene, for years headmaster of Berkhamsted School. All the brothers were there in turn. Between them, they have done pretty well. An elder brother, Raymond, is distinguished both as a physician and a mountaineer and was medical officer to the Everest Expedition of 1933. A younger brother, Hugh Carleton, is Director-General of the BBC and sometimes suggests with his faintly Pickwickian features the fat man who has struggled out of the thin man that is Graham. The fourth brother, Herbert, is currently organising, through the agony column of *The Times*, the campaign to bring back the Nine o'clock News.

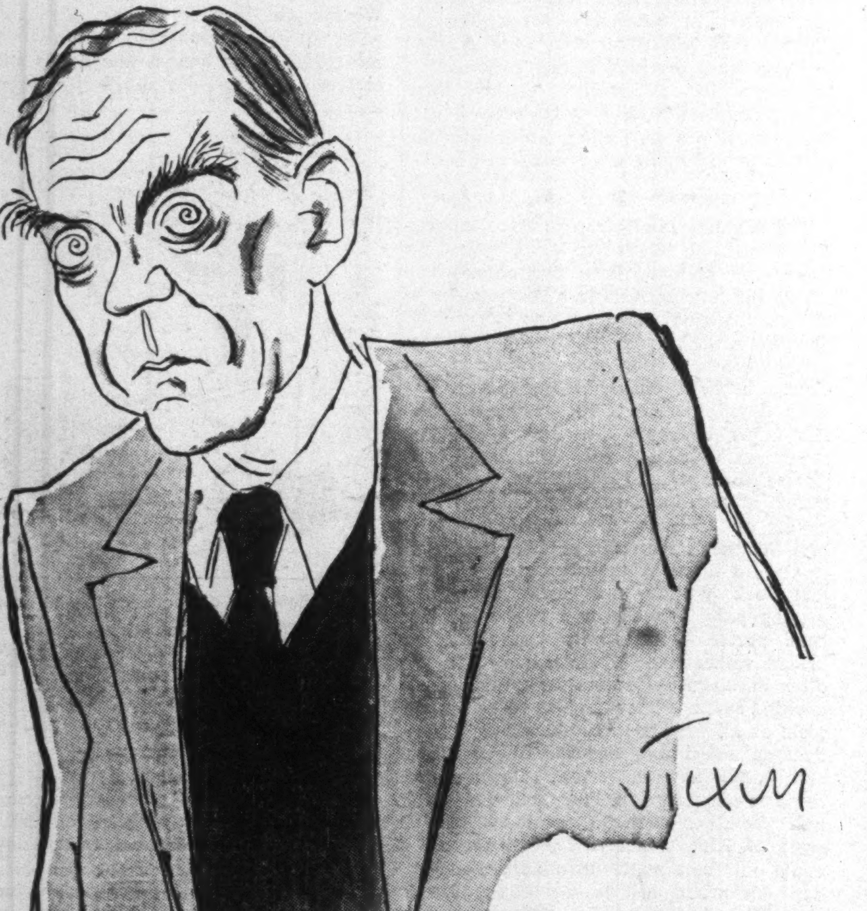
From Berkhamsted Greene went up to Balliol with an exhibition in modern history. He joined the Communist Party ('to subvert the subversives': 30 years later it led to his being refused a visa for the United States), published *Babbling April*, a book of verse, and took a Second. He entered journalism in Nottingham, where he was received into the Catholic Church, and then joined *The Times* as a sub-editor in the correspondence department. He resigned when his first novel appeared in 1929.

In the years that followed he made the march across Liberia described in *Journey without Maps*, became the most savage film critic of the day and helped to float a weekly.

Greene's reputation as a novelist was established in 1938 by *Brighton Rock*. International fame followed in the years just after the war with *The Heart of the Matter* and with the films *Fallen Idol* and *The Third Man*. He must now be among the wealthiest of living English writers. It seems, to those who knew him in the days when he lived at Clapham Common before the war, that success has scarcely touched him. The gaunt, lined face is puffier than it was, but, caught off guard, the exophthalmic eyes are still haunted and wary; in conversation, the rueful cheerfulness, the contemptuous gibes at the successful, the established, the stuffy, and the fantastic booby-traps ad-libbed for their discomfiture, remain. So does the generosity to young writers. Like Wormald, in *Our Man in Havana*, he collects whisky miniatures. Once a great practical-joker, he is now an indefatigable letter-writer to *The Times*. More than ever, perhaps, the impression he creates is that of loneliness and boredom.

In an essay 'The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard', he says that as a schoolboy of 17 'boredom had already reached an intolerable depth'. Unhappy at school, he had tried to run away. 'The psychoanalysis that followed my act of rebellion had fixed the boredom as hypo fixes the image on the negative.' He found his elder brother's revolver, 'a small genteel object with six chambers like a tiny egg stand', and took it with him to Ashridge Park to play Russian roulette.

'I slipped a bullet into a chamber and, holding the revolver behind my back, spun the chambers round . . . I put the muzzle of the revolver to my right ear and pulled the trigger. There was a minute click, and looking down the chamber I could see that the charge had moved into place. I was out by one. I remember an extraordinary sense of jubilation . . . My heart was knocking in its cage, and I felt that life contained an infinite number of possibilities. It was like a young man's first successful experience of sex – as if in that Ashridge glade one had passed a test of manhood.' He took the revolver up to Oxford with him and kept on playing Russian roulette until he discovered that 'I was begin-



ning to pull the trigger about as casually as I might take an aspirin tablet.'

It is difficult not to see this adolescent episode as the first instance in a recurring pattern. Reading 'The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard' now, one's mind leaps naturally to the much more recent account of Greene's experiments with opium in Saigon and goes on to fill up the intervening years: the march across Liberia, the journey into remote Mexico, the penetrations into war-stricken Malaya, Indo-China, Kenya: tests of manhood that are somehow bound up with experience of sex.

Behind it, however, one feels there must lie the unhappiness of childhood. Peter Quennell, who was at school with Greene, has written recently that he finds the novelist's recollections of Berkhamsted 'strangely transmogrified'. Maybe; but Greene was the headmaster's son, the school was also his home, and the split between them was inevitable. He had a sense, he tells us in *The Lawless Roads*, of living on a border, a border symbolised by the green baize door between his parents' quarters and the school.

This image of the border, of contiguous worlds in opposition, and of human beings caught between them, runs throughout Greene's fiction; but in the opening chapters of *The Lawless Roads* it is pin-pointed in childhood terms. On the one side of the green baize door, home and security, the pet rabbit nibbling at the croquet lawn; on the other, a place whose inhabitants 'bore about them the genuine quality of evil . . . Callifax who practised torments with dividers, Mr Cranden with pale bleached hair, a dusty gown, a kind of demoniac sensuality.' There follows Greene's gloss on Wordsworth: 'Hell lay about them in their infancy.' He adds: 'One began to believe in heaven because one believed in hell, but for a long while it was only hell one could picture with a certain intimacy.'

One is bound to say that, if Greene can now picture heaven with intimacy, he hasn't yet done so on paper. But all the evidence suggests that Greene's Catholicism has wrought no fundamental change in him, has perhaps done no more than provide an intellectual basis for a temperamental predisposition. ('I had not been converted to a religious faith. I had been convinced by specific arguments in the probability of its creed.')

In Greene's view, as one gets it from his books, the Fall is real and sin and sinners real. Beyond that, he might well echo Silone's 'In the sacred history of man on earth, it is still, alas, Good Friday.' Fallen man on the one hand, the incalculable Grace of God on the other. And in between? Not much. Scarcely at any rate the Church as an organisation. Not much more, in fact, than Greene's own identification with an angry pity for his fellow-sinners.

And this in the end is what gives his work its importance. It was this that enabled him, for instance, to write what were quite the best reports of the Mau Mau rising to appear anywhere. And though he may have nothing but contempt for the panaceas of liberals and humanitarians, the confident schemes of American do-gooders, it is this that allows him to write both with sympathy and with respect of Communist leaders in colonial territories. The police lieutenant is almost the twin-hero, with the whisky-priest, of *The Power and the Glory*; and in his visits to Indo-China it was to Ho Chi Minh, a man 'pure as Lucifer', that he responded, not to the Catholic President of Vietnam.

MUST THEY DIE?

Men, women and children are starving in the Congo

THE CONGO troubles did not start yesterday or the day before. Some of us may have felt that they were too far off to concern us, and that really it was a problem that the United Nations and the African people would have to solve. Perhaps we felt that until the recent press reports and photographs started to come in.

Then we heard – perhaps for the first time in our lives – of the Balubas and their death march from the massacres in Kasai province. We read reports of children with arms and legs no thicker than a man's thumb, who starved to death at Christmas; of unfed babies in overcrowded hospitals; of walking skeletons on the roads and bodies swelling with hunger oedema. U.N. reports came through of more than 100 people dying daily of sheer starvation.

A voluntary society can cut red tape and act promptly. The Oxford Committee for Famine Relief sent a first £10,000 to extend the feeding programme for the Balubas immediately the fact of the Congo famine was confirmed. But clearly this was not enough as the response* from thousands of the public showed. So long as children can hope for nothing but death, so long must our compassion continue.

We hope there will be many substantial gifts, but we know that many have little enough to spare. No gift is so small that it cannot relieve suffering.

Please send a donation to the

Oxford Committee For Famine Relief

(Congo Relief), Barclays Bank, High Street, Oxford

Birkett
Ritchie Calder
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T. R. Milford
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Michael Redgrave
Malcolm Sargent
David Sheppard
Patrick Gordon Walker
Ralph Wightman

**Public generosity has already allowed an additional £20,000 to be sent to relief teams on the spot.*

In Transit

V. S. PRITCHETT

A transit passenger – I don't claim to have been anything more either in India or in West Pakistan: the man with the shiny yellow card, pacing to windows, all fever, euphoria, eagerness to 'get on', shame (in the words of Keshev Malik, an Indian poet) at not having the time to see 'the maps flare to life.' A restless man, Keshev Malik had written his short, self-doubting poems, each one as crisp as a thermometer reading, while he was in transit himself in Europe and America, and I read them on the night plane from Delhi to Karachi. One of the reasons why India and Pakistan are familiar, for all their strangeness, is that, like the British, these restless people travel and colonise. They have been in transit between cultures for a century and a half.

Karachi is a low-built commercial city, with ships smoking out at sea, waiting their turn to come in. The rickshaws are prettily painted. On one side of the city are the marshes, the chequer-board of salt pans, where the salt is built in pyramids, and the tens of miles of firm sandy beach. Here the turtles wobble up from the sea in the evening, to lay their eggs in deep holes which the pariah dogs dig out the next day. A middle-aged banker walked us eight miles along this beach on Sunday at a killing speed. The air was fresh, the sky was blue, the sand crisp, but the sun scalded: one after another our party fell out and were glad to get a lift back on camels – all except the banker, an athlete in the Pakistani tradition. A performing bear, painfully led by a string in his nostril, came rather suddenly into the bungalow while we were having our orange juice – no alcohol allowed – and was shooed out.

There were scores of cricket matches going on as we drove out to the beach. I have never seen so much cricket in my life. Inland was a vast region of stone, scrub and semi-desert; and, if Karachi is dull and has had a lot of Birmingham and Bournemouth planted in it by the British, it feels free under the wide skies of flat, spacious country. Distantly, mountains were as light as gas. There is a large area of modern villas, but on the way to the new university 12 miles outside the city is the dreadful shack and sacking encampment of the refugees from India. The nights are soft and warm in December, before the 11-day 'winter' begins; and the nights are quiet, too, because most people are in bed by eight or nine in the evening. One sees an occasional late bird disappear into holes in this shack town or climb a fence to sleep out on a building site. Only the Europeans and Americans stay up late in the hotels. It is startling, as one goes home, to hear quiet steps behind and to turn and see a couple of camels, tall and black, following in the dark.

The educated Pakistani are not avid and eager to twine themselves round one intellectually. They do not look sad, but aloof and polite. They seem to be manly, sporting, dignified, simple, frank, unexcitable and judicious. A spectacular fire broke out and blazed in a store near the hotel on the second day; they considered the flames gravely. They like jokes. Waiters are breezy and talk feelingly of their friendship with the British. I was astonished to hear my Pakistani host tease a young Pakistani guest about his beard. It was a beautiful black beard, a work of art, a personal poem: I had supposed it was sacred. This young man travelled in Europe every year and was shocked by European sexual morals. I would guess that the Pakistani have a strong Puritan streak. All the same, as a 'modern' Moslem, he was obliged to be in favour of the emancipation of women.

'Girls are beginning to refuse to stay at home or come in early,' he said. 'Awful problems!' How western is one going to be?

'Like the Turks?' I suggested.

'Oh no! The Turks have made a terrible mistake.'

All the Moslems, indeed all the Indians, too, think the Turks have gone ludicrously far and will pay for it.

The difficulty for the educated Indian and Pakistani is that he is in transit culturally. Since independence Hindi is the official language in India; and, in some quarters, it was thought that the use of English would decline. It has not. It is realised that the loss of English would put India and Pakistan at a great disadvantage in a world where English is becoming the chief *lingua franca* in international affairs. English is the Latin of this sub-continent.

For the literary writer the question of language is more complicated. Since there is a total gulf between the educated and the uneducated poor of the villages, I supposed that there would be an attempt to write in one of the indigenous languages and revive their culture. In fact, I met several writers who did this. They could claim to be free of the criticism that the English prose of the Indian or Pakistani is liable to be out of date. (But was Milton 'out of date' when he wrote in Latin? And what were the English Latinists like stylistically?)

One very clever young man at All-India Radio in Delhi said that, for writers like himself, English was indispensable because he knew no other language. It was a life-language, not a literary language. 'We have now got a huge number of uprooted urban people like myself and English is our only tongue.' And in being uprooted, he regarded himself – quite rightly, I think – as being a young man typical of any country, in our time. He felt, indeed, stronger for being uprooted. That had become the normal condition.

At the university in Karachi, the students and their teachers were critical of the kind of English prose that comes out of India and Pakistan. They also apologised for faulty speech. They exaggerate their faults because of their horror of Babu English. I can't remember hearing a single grammatical mistake in English in either Karachi or Delhi. The only sin is the venal one of a startling use of the wrong word.

But – one of the Karachi students pressed – wasn't their prose *always* out of date? They suggested that the prose of the Indian writer – I use the generic word – becomes fixed in the kind of prose current or admired in his university days. It becomes impersonal, a stereotype, without natural, personal growth. I think this is quite true of popular journalism in these countries; the sensational or emotional emphases misfire again and again. But I don't think it is true of the novelists, who have enough spirit to get away from the levelling perfectionism of the good linguists who are conventional, as Byron was, when he wrote love letters in Italian. On the whole the novelists write better than the essayists.

There is a good reason for this. Any traveller immediately notices that the dominant, fixing, British cultural influence in India and Pakistan has been Victorian – the period, above all, of *belles lettres,* in which a writer could live inside literature. One realises how irresistible this must have been to the Indian writer who was offered a complete imaginary world to live in culturally and one that detached him from Indian reality. A Lamb or a Hazlitt, any essayist, delighted his ingenuity and provided a respectable salvation. There was a temperamental appeal in the leisurely style.

Independence has broken this spell. The students in Karachi had read their Dr Leavis and the American critics; they had read American novelists as well as our own. I fancy that English literature has lost its sheltering quality, its usefulness as social insurance. There is one unfortunate consequence; in Karachi, I was told, the prize English students are not going to teach; they are going into the civil service. The pay is higher. In fact, the Indian and the English writer are in much the same situation. We, too, are outside a purely literary culture, and outside a settled society.

A young novelist who came out to laze with us at the banker's bungalow on the beach at Karachi asked what his chances were of establishing himself as a writer in London. He had some success. He has already published in England. We discouraged him. He would write, we said, one more book about Pakistan; then another about how wretched it is to be a young Pakistan novelist in London; then, desperation – the drying up of material. Of course, life for the writer is very difficult in India or Pakistan; but I heard in Delhi that the prospects of the serious literary journalist had greatly improved lately, and that a talented man could now survive without lowering his standards.

The temptation before Indian or Pakistani writers is their own phenomenal cleverness. One feels stupid before their memory, their glittering power of assimilation; they grasp a tone, a mode at once. Of course it may be that the genius of these two countries will not find its natural expression in literature at all, but in mathematics or in the sciences; but the best Indian or Pakistani writers in English are those who have not become beglamoured by the respectability of our literature – or indeed of any other European literature – but who have looked at each sentence to see that it corresponds to an Indian reality. This has also been achieved by some Caribbean writers and by an African like Amos Tutuola; they have not taken too flatteringly to Eng. Lit. One good thing independence has done for the Indian and Pakistani is to set the English language free – I mean to set it free for him, with no more obligations to our tradition than his own talent requires. For he is in transit, too.

On my last night in Karachi I walked back with my grave friend with the black beard. It was nearly nine o'clock. The city was going to bed. For two days he had been kind and self-effacing. I think he represented something new. He had been asked to write an essay on the influence of Tolstoy as a novelist on the English novel and had found no influences. So he had written nothing. Any other serious thesis-writer would have scraped and scraped until he had invented some in the interests of academic status-seeking. I apologised for keeping him up so late. He said: 'No, I finish my work at the office at nine; then between nine and midnight I write a poem. I sleep until five; then I get up and go for a walk to clear the impurities of the body; I come back and say my prayer; then I meditate to free my mind of its impurities. But my mind wanders, terrible nonsense pours into it and it begins to fill up with new impurities. So I have my breakfast and go to the office once more.'

He was laughing quietly. He did everything quietly. I wished – what traveller does not? – that I could have stayed to hear more.

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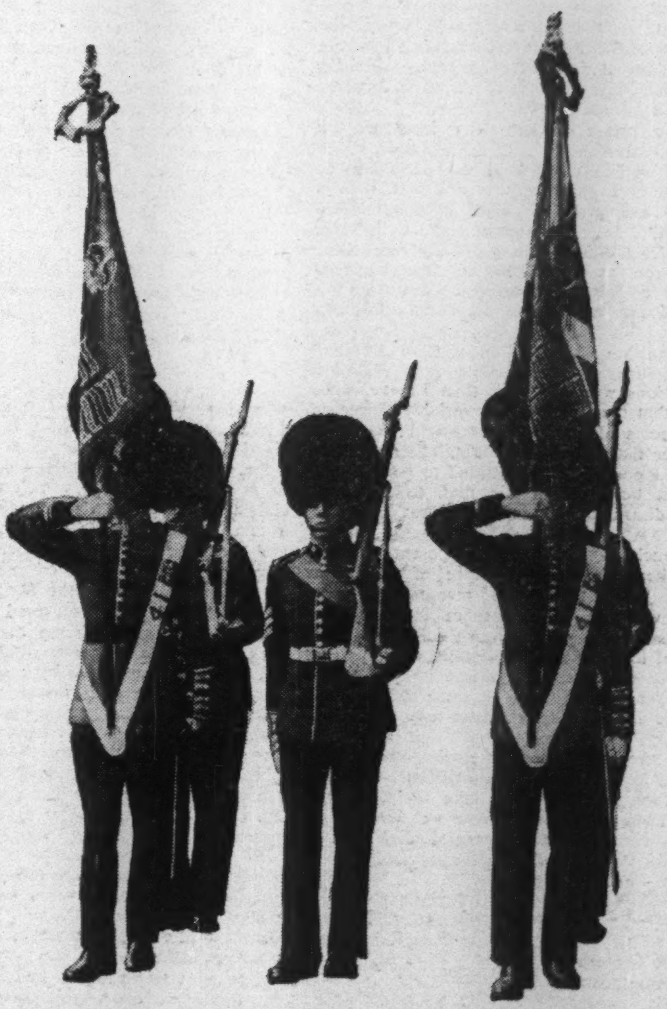

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Correspondence

UNILATERAL OR MULTILATERAL

Sir, – Christopher Mayhew must not reduce the fate of humanity to the level of the dispute between the Big-Enders and Little-Enders in *Gulliver's Travels.* He is juggling with the words 'unilateral' and 'multilateral'.

At some stage the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament got stuck with the pedantic word 'unilateral', which it cannot, and would not now wish to, disavow. In fairness, however, to those of us who like common usage, that was not the terminology of its aims and objectives. The phrase, whether it applied to Britain's role in stopping tests or renouncing the manufacture and use of nuclear weapons, was 'if necessary, alone'.

I do not want to get involved in this word-game, but, in the same common usage, the description of the other is 'General disarmament', not 'multilateral', with the restrictive meaning Christopher Mayhew gives to the word in order to create a false antithesis.

Can he please explain why insistence on British initiative and on a British example, which events as well as CND have now shown to be necessary, is in any way inconsistent with a profound and practical belief in general disarmament? I am not a sophist and I have never had the least difficulty in genuinely reconciling my position as a member of the National Executive of UNA, supporting its campaign for general disarmament, with my connection with CND.

He must have attended more (and different) CND meetings and had more (and different) conversations with CND-ers than I have, since he says that the supporters 'invariably disparage the prospects of agreed disarmament'. My own experience flatly contradicts that. The Campaign and its supporters are committed to general disarmament but we maintain that, to that end, nuclear disarmament has a different order of priority.

For nuclear weapons are different in kind from other arms, the existence of which we deplore. Without political recourse to war, nuclear weapons are a menace in peacetime. The recent false warning from the radar defence system of the Western Hemisphere was only one portentous example. Imagination boggles at the risks beyond human ken – since the 'ken' is electronic and a faulty transistor may decide our fates.

These weapons are too dangerous to be used as pawns in long drawn out negotiations. We want the British government to take theirs off the board. There is no hypocrisy: we say that as Britain's contribution to general disarmament we should start by reducing the risks of nuclear weapons – unconditionally.

Ritchie Calder
Vice Chairman, Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

74 The Crescent
Belmont, Surrey

Sir, – Supporters of CND advocate unilateral nuclear disarmament by this country because they believe this alone will give a lead to general disarmament. If the opponents of CND can get general disarmament in some other way, good luck to them. They have not had much success so far.

The logical conclusion from Christopher Mayhew's argument is that we ought to increase our nuclear weapons so as to have more which we could offer to abandon when we sat down at the conference table.

A. J. P. Taylor

Magdalen College
Oxford

[We have received an unusually large number of letters making similar criticisms of Mr Mayhew. – Ed., NS.]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Sir, – There is one function of capital punishment which neither you nor your correspondents have adequately dealt with – namely, that of preventive elimination. I am not a bloodthirsty man, but I must confess to being thoroughly relieved that men like Podola and the youths who perpetrated that beastly Hounslow affair are no longer alive. I don't want to *punish* them, or to avenge their victims – or society – upon them. I would not even claim that they *deserved* their fate, for I have seen enough of the youthful beginnings of crime to know that the bulk of it is due to the influence of home and other environment. I would much prefer them to be put out of the way by an overdose of sleeping draught, so that fear of dying should not be added to that of death. But I *do* think they ought to be eliminated.

I see no reason why the same procedure should not be followed in the case of dangerous and incurable lunatics like Straffen – indeed, since he was obviously just as mad at his second trial as at his first, the jury must have taken this commonsense view. Surely the waste of human effort and degradation of human dignity involved in keeping these people shut up under maximum security conditions is a far greater evil than that involved in putting them quietly to sleep?

Sacredness of human life? Tell that one to the – no, not the Marines, but the RAF. Such an objection, except in the mouth of an absolute pacifist, is sheer hypocrisy in a country which is prepared to use mass-bombing, whether nuclear or high explosive, as an instrument of policy.

John D. Solomon

12 Park Avenue
SW14

MIDDLE CLASS ETHICS

Sir, – I am a building worker employed on interior maintenance work on a new, middle-class housing site – a job I gladly accepted as a temporary escape from the winter elements and the hazards of constructional work. I might have guessed there was a catch in it somewhere. In my encounters with the female occupants of these houses, I have discovered new hazards no less chilling and unnerving than scaling a 40-rung ladder in a high east wind.

I am daily confronted by exquisitely-groomed and well-spoken housewives; persons of considerable authority, to judge by their peremptory commands and their sweeping generalisations about the British workers. 'Remove your *boots* [these are my Italian suede shoes] before entering my hall.' The lady has a slight cough so I am ordered to shut the front door, having just painted it. This causes it to stick and so ruins the job.

On the evidence of a few scratches on the paintwork that could conceivably have been made by her pet poodle, one lady proceeds to denounce the incompetence and slipshoddery of building craftsmen.

Similar intemperate and inaccurate views about the British workman are shared by the majority of housewives hereabouts. One middle-aged lady, whose bookshelves I notice are laden exclusively with religious works and church magazines, charitably and ceremoniously treats me to a cup of coffee and a lecture on the shortcomings of the British workers, who live in subsidised council houses, 'pay no rates' (sic) and are spared the ordeal of buying a new £4,000 house on the nail.

I am pursued through expensively carpeted and furnished rooms by fussing females bent on intimidating me with their textbook knowledge of do-it-yourself techniques, blatant misuse of architectural terms and morbid (in their own opinion, expert) eyes for minute imperfections. I would like to tell them that houses are for living in. Instead, I am writing this letter.

I could provide many variations on the above themes but would not presume to generalise about middle-class housewives. It does seem that people undergo considerable nervous strain while in the process of acquiring new property and status symbols and adapting themselves to new surroundings. Of the younger women on this small estate however it would be a fair generalisation to say that they are mainly occupied in elaborate self-grooming, press-button housewifery and subtly tyrannising their charladies. Ultra-smartness (fashionwise) seems to go with chain-smoking and poodle-cuddling. The more tenuous their contact with reality through gadgetry, glossy magazines and over-scrupulous hygiene, the more compulsive and idiosyncratic their behaviour.

Among the older section there are cases of ostentatious religiosity, invariably bound up with bitterness, ultra-conservatism, morbid accountancy and property embalming. I have glanced over bookshelves in vain for signs of social awareness and enlightenment. Using the occupants' Sunday newspapers as floor covers, I have reckoned about one *Observer* to every dozen *Sunday Pictorials* or *Expresses.*

I can provide only one bright spot to relieve this gloomy picture. One charming lady showed no inclination to interfere in my work, and allowed me to wander over the house and attend to whatever I thought was necessary. On being asked for some newspapers to protect the hall floor she handed me some back-numbers of the New Statesman.

R. C. H. Webber

330 Greystoke Avenue
Bristol

REVOLT OF THE CROFTERS

Sir, – It was heartening to read your sympathetic presentation of the crofters' cause. As a crofter, may I comment? The statement that Mr A. R. Mackenzie resigned from the Crofters' Commission may be true. It is also highly euphemistic. That Mr Mackenzie disagreed strongly with his colleagues on the Crofters' Commission on several matters is well known. It is also widely suspected that Mr Mackenzie's term of office was not extended, not merely because of his dissidence, but as a warning that too much independent advocacy within the Commission may be unwelcome. There is widespread unease among crofters that the Commission is to be used as an instrument of depopulation by higher authority, pressed itself by inimical landlord interest.

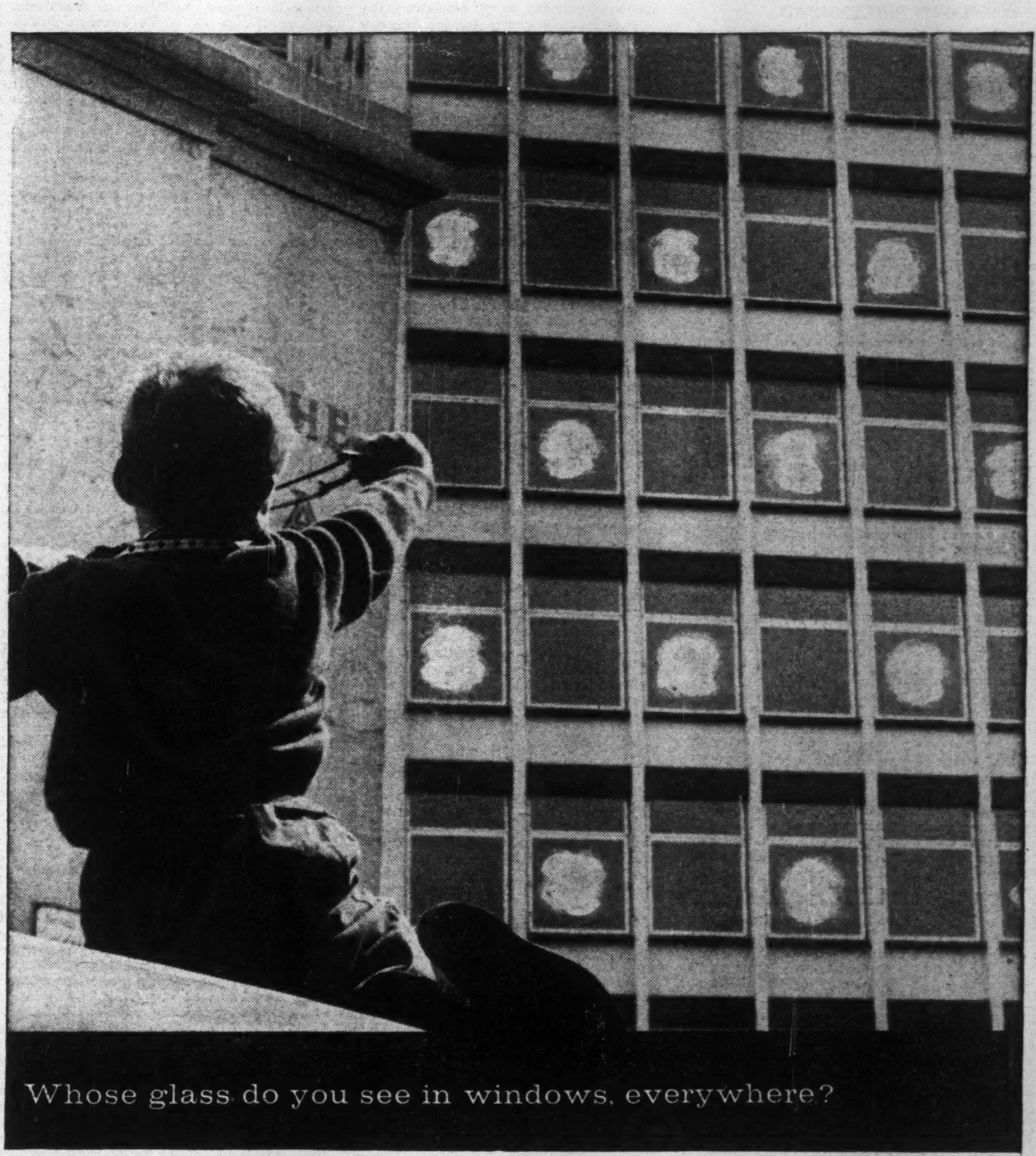
The goodwill engendered among crofters by the Commission's financial assistance, and its annual reports prior to 1959, has collapsed as a result of an outrageous somersault. Its mandate (in its own words) was 'the secure establishment of a smallholding population'. Now the Commission has asked for enabling powers towards 'the drastic reduction in the number of croft homes'. While admitting that land rationalisation alone is not the answer, the Commission wish to jettison two-thirds of the crofting population, and has asked for further powers to juggle about with crofts among the remaining one-third.

The Commission have stressed *ad nauseam* the need for industries ancillary to crofting to sustain a Highland population. Yet when the time came to make specific recommendations for specific industries for specific areas, they advocated the much more convenient general policy of amalgamations by croft cannibalism. Having diagnosed that the patient is dying of hunger, they have prescribed only for his thirst.

By their threat to loosen the crofters' security of tenure, the Crofters' Commission have rallied the Highlands to organise in defence, not only in Sutherland and Western Ross, as Mr Morgan states, but in Eastern Ross, Lochaber, Skye, Lewis and Harris. The crofter regards as intolerable any legislation designed to depopulate. Unless the same compulsion will embrace landlords, farmers and all others in occupancy of agricultural lands, such compulsion upon crofters only will depress still further the underprivileged to favour the overprivileged landlords.

Charles Macleod

Ballantrushal
Isle of Lewis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LORD BIRKENHEAD

Sir, – Mr William Camp, in his reply to Mr Kingsley Martin, states that 'the only unlikely story' in his book on Lord Birkenhead is the one about killing the man on the tram. He goes on to say that there are 'one or two statements in the book which, though not unlikely, must be called unprovable, because alas, they cannot be publicly substantiated.'

One story of extreme improbability which occurs in Mr Camp's splenetic volume is his statement that before the Carlton Club meeting the Lord Chancellor, 'taking the fullest advantage of his judical patronage . . offered preferment to lawyer MPs who were prepared to vote for the coalition.' This is, of course, an extremely serious charge. Yet Mr Camp gives us no information whatever about his sources. Who were the lawyer MPs and what form of preferment was offered them? Did they accept or refuse?

This author is concerned throughout to paint Lord Birkenhead in the least attractive colours. May I, by way of example, refer to an incident in which I was myself concerned. During a Union debate in 1927 at which Lord Birkenhead was the distinguished visitor, I repeated the familiar story of himself and Simon tossing a coin as to which should join the Liberals and which the Conservatives. Mr Camp says of this debate:

> When he [Birkenhead] attacked the motion condemning the 1924/29 Baldwin government, he seemed like an elderly and unrepentant Peter Pan who had totally lost the lightness of touch for which he used to be so renowned.

Who was Mr Camp's informant I do not know. But my own recollection – and I believe that of most of my contemporaries – is of one of the most brilliant and entertaining extempore speeches I have ever heard.

Dingle Foot

House of Commons

CATHOLIC TOLERATION

Sir, – Mr Amphlett Micklewright, in complaining of Catholic failure to denounce 'all religious persecution', has amusingly involved himself in a magnificent declaration of his personal intolerance. He tells us, in the context of a successful Catholic effort to have certain posters banned by London Transport: 'they (Catholics) are not free to impose their views upon the wider world which has consciously and explicitly rejected them.' Any tyrant in history would have thanked him for his words and applied them, not to Catholics only, but to every minority or indeed majority opinion, held in conscience.

Michael de la Bedoyere
Editor

Catholic Herald

RESTOCKING THE SEAS

Sir, – I regret having given the impression that the Humpback salmon spawns *in* the mouths of rivers; my point was that it does so nearer to these than does the Atlantic salmon, a fish, of course, greatly superior to any Pacific species. But in these days of dams, hydro-electric schemes and the like, he barely holds his own and a fish which may spawn below such obstacles (to both ascending salmon and descending smolts) could be a welcome addition to the European fauna. Mr Underdown need have no fears about 'crossing'; the two fish are most unlikely to spawn in the same redds. In any case how would possible progeny resolve conflicting hereditary tendencies represented by widely different life histories in river and sea? Indeed it is these differences which explain the inevitable failure to establish the Atlantic salmon in New Zealand, and success with the Quinnat so much less exacting in its demands. Incidentally both the European Brown trout and the American Rainbow are equally successful in New Zealand.

There is certainly a risk in transporting marine populations, most usually by accompanying introduction of parasites, as our desolated oyster beds bear melancholy witness, but the danger is less when eggs are transported while we are learning by experience.

C. M. Yonge

Helensburgh

FOOT AND MOUTH POLICY

Sir, – In your issue of 6 January, Mr Hyams makes critical comment on the government's slaughter policy for Foot and Mouth disease. It should be stressed that foot and mouth disease is caused by a virus, and several strains are known to exist. Vaccination against one type of the virus does not protect the animal from infection by other types. The duration of an immunity following vaccination is of a limited period. It would be necesary to carry out vaccination with all the known types that infect animals in this country, and this at frequent intervals, in order to provide a reasonably immune herd.

No vaccine can guarantee 100 per cent immunity, and there is always the danger that a sub-clinical form of the disease might be set up and cause dissemination of infection. The slaughter policy depends on having a completely susceptible animal population in which the clinical signs are clearly recognisable.

The Gowers Committee, who reported on the government policy in this country in 1954, estimated that the cost of such vaccination would be in the region of £30 million annually whereas the cost of compensation at the time of the worst epidemic in this country in recent times (1951-52) amounted to only £2,500,000. Since then the cost has averaged £500,000 per year.

In dealing with animal diseases one consideration must be the cost to the country, but that does not necessarily mean that due regard is not being paid to extensive research throughout the world. We in Britain have the most up-to-date centre for foot and mouth disease research (Pirbright).

The institute has also been responsible for the production of various types of vaccine employed in every country where the disease is endemic. Whilst vaccination has been responsible for the reduction of the disease in many parts of the world, including Europe, it has not eradicated the disease. However, it is the hope of all countries to reduce the incidence to such small figures that the slaughter policy would be a practicable method of dealing with it.

John A. Anderson
General Secretary,
British Veterinary Association

7 Mansfield Street, W1

CHIEF SOBHUZA

Sir, – Your recent comment on Swaziland described Paramount Chief Sobhuza as 'isolated and elderly', and said that he was unlikely to have heard of the Bamangwato agreement with the Rhodesian Selection Trust in Bechuanaland. Chief Sobhuza is an alert and vigorous man who keeps himself informed about events elsewhere – in the Central African Federation for example. He knew of the Bamangwato negotiations with the RST as far back as 1957.

Mary Benson

34 Langford Court, NW8

FABIANS IN AFRICA

Sir, – May I comment on Barbara Castle's review of Mary Benson's book *Tshekedi Khama* in your issue of 30 December? She writes 'And so, when the next crisis arose in Africa, with the establishment of the Central African Federation, the Labour movement mercifully avoided repeating its mistake and refused to be beguiled by persuasive Fabian arguments in favour of tidy administrative solutions which ignored the paramount claims of human rights.'

Mrs Castle is obviously unaware that the Fabian Colonial Bureau (now the Fabian Commonwealth Bureau) from the beginning consistently opposed Central African Federation, following the policy of its founder, Arthur Creech Jones. A reference to its monthly journal *Venture* in 1950-51 gives the record, including the deputations that were received that crucial summer by the Colonial Secretary, then Mr Jim Griffiths. In September 1951 our pamphlet *British Central Africa* was published, stating 'there can be no question of any federation which is not constructed on the basis of racial and territorial equality.'

Hilda Selwyn-Clarke
Secretary, Fabian Commonwealth Bureau

11 Dartmouth Street, SW1

[Barbara Castle *writes:* I should have thought it was obvious that I was using the word 'Fabian' in its generic sense, of which the Fabian Society has not got a monopoly. Of course I am aware of the magnificently uncompromising fight which the Fabian Colonial Bureau put up against Federation; not long ago I reviewed and highly praised Rita Hinden's pamphlet on the subject. In fact, I've often thought the Bureau's attitude has been most un-Fabian in the dictionary sense ('employing cautious and dilatory strategy'), but I have rejoiced in it. – Ed., NS.]

ETHIOPIAN REVOLT

Sir, – There are one or two errors of fact in your Correspondent's account of the uprising in Ethiopia, the most serious being that Germame Neway was able to recruit the Minister of Information in Ethiopia for his plot. There is no Minister of Information in Ethiopia although the Emperor is regarded as holding the Portfolio. If your Correspondent is referring to the Vice-Minister, Ato Amde Mikael Dessalegn, your readers are surely entitled to some proof of this allegation. It is known that Amde Mikael Dessalegn was arrested by the plotters at the outset of the rebellion and held hostage with others at the Palace. He was among those murdered by the bodyguard when it was seen that the plot had failed and he is reported to have died with great gallantry fighting the armed assassins with his fists.

J. A. Macleod
Information Officer

British Embassy,
Addis Ababa.

MYLES MORDAUNT

Sir, – I am glad that Myles Mordaunt's death did not pass without a monument in the form of a paragraph in Charon's column. But something should have been said of his published and unpublished works. Can we now hope, for example, for a reprint of *The Benefits, Moral and Secular, Of Assassination,* an important contribution to political thinking and the only book to be published in a sealed wrapper marked *guaranteed free from impurities*? Its successor, *Charity As A Career For Girls,* was never finished. Although I more than once discussed chapters with Myles, I rather doubt whether it was even started. I sometimes had occasions to deplore his writings, but only when they were on postcards, such as the one addressed to us from Dublin in which, during the pre-Nazi War IRA bomb outrages, he asked if he could come and stay with us while arranging for some more bombings. As a result our flat in Greenwich was watched for weeks by the absurd agents of our ridiculous security police. Throughout this particular stay with us, my wife lost three charwomen in rapid succession owing to his habit of walking about the flat and answering the front door attired in horn-rimmed glasses and *The Times.* But the important thing about Myles was that he knew, and demonstrated in the most brilliantly amusing talk I have ever heard, that the authorities, ecclesiastical and lay, are without exception and above all . . . ridiculous.

Edward Hyams

Landscove, Devon

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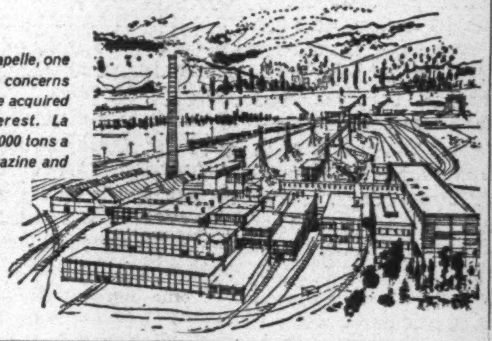

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Do-It-Yourself History

A. J. P. TAYLOR

In America, they say, you can get a do-it-yourself kit for almost everything. You can build your own house; you can make your own motor car. The user of these kits is given an illusion of creation. He feels that he really has built the house or made the car. In fact he has merely provided the manual labour. He cannot deviate in the slightest from the book of instructions. Otherwise he will run into trouble. Like Lord Finchley, who tried to mend the electric light himself, it may strike him dead – and serve him right:

> It is the duty of the wealthy man
> To give employment to the artisan.

Do-it-yourself is all right as a hobby, and it saves money. But the artisan who knows his job will usually produce a more reliable article. The best thing to do when the electric light goes wrong is to reach for the telephone. So, too, with more abstract subjects. Those who wish to learn about the past will be well advised to employ a historian. Choose a good one by all means; and there are some good historians, despite a current view to the contrary. The historian not only knows more about the raw materials. He knows their dangers and limitations. He knows how events are distorted in recollection, and how rare it is for men to record accurately what they think they see. The reader who turns from historians to an anthology of first-hand accounts will not get nearer to what really happened. He will be exposed to greater risks. It will strike him dead, metaphorically speaking: and serve him right.

A new collection of eye-witness accounts of the French Revolution* is an object lesson in the dangers of do-it-yourself history. It is the first volume in a series, entitled *There is Always a Reporter*. This title is already a warning; it is quite untrue. The reporter, detached from events and concerned only to record them for the readers of his newspaper, is an invention of the last 100 years. Before then, those who wrote accounts were themselves participants. They may rank as 'stringers'; they would not qualify for an NUJ card. The present volume has been put together by the editor of *Paris-Match*, with the assistance of a young scholar. It is enthusiastically introduced by André Maurois, himself a historian of an amateur sort. M. Maurois says that the book presents the evidence of witnesses 'authentic, pure, uncommented and coming from every point of the compass'. He goes on: 'Except in the rare case where the historian is a genius, the eye-witness will be more truthful'. If this were so, how simple history would be. On the contrary, the eye-witness sees only a fragment of what is going on and often distorts what he sees. But more than this. The accounts in any one book are inevitably a small selection from a mass of material. The editor shapes the book as much as if he took the trouble to write it himself, and dictates to the reader what he should believe.

The selection in this book is peculiarly slanted. The French Revolution was the greatest upheaval of modern times. It involved the whole people; and what happened during those tumultuous years shaped events and ideas to our own day. We ought to be able to learn what was being made as well as what was being destroyed. There is no word here about the movement among the peasants; no account of an election meeting; nothing from the debates at the Constituent Assembly or in the Convention. We are not allowed to hear anything about proceedings in the Committee of Public Safety. The revolution produced great figures, and some great men. None comes to life in these pages. Mirabeau gets one mention – on a rare occasion when he refused to speak. Robespierre appears as a self-satisfied villain. Danton does not come in at all. Instead the revolution is presented as a glorified riot, seen, nearly always, through the eyes of those against whom the riots were directed.

Of the 15 chapters, four deal with the troubles of the royal family. Louis XVI is taken to Paris; he tries to escape to the armies and is caught at Varennes; he loses his throne, and then his head. Two more chapters deal with the émigrés, and one with the internal emigration, the Vendée. All that appears of the revolution is bloodshed: the September massacres, and the Terror. No one would guess that the Revolutionary Tribunal acquitted more than half those brought before it; or that, during the revolutionary years, more people were hanged in England for petty crimes than were guillotined in Paris for treason. Of course the great revolution was an untidy and often brutal affair. Its leaders often did not know what they were doing; the masses still less so. All the same, between them they made a new France. They launched the great ideas of democracy and national independence. They gave the old order in Europe a shaking from which it never recovered. Considering these things, it was quite a feat to compile a collection of evidence about the French Revolution with the revolution left out.

Of course the raw materials do not need to be so dangerous, particularly when a conscientious historian presents them. Professor Asa Briggs makes no exaggerated claim for his anthology on British history between 1897 and 1940†. He writes austerely:

> Two eye-witness accounts of the same incident may differ sharply: a retrospective account written years (or even hours) after an incident happened may be wrong in several particulars. Moreover, eye-witness accounts may be out of focus, like badly taken photographs.

He concludes with a counsel of perfection: 'The best way to read this volume is to have a narrative history, a biographical dictionary and an atlas at one's side'. This volume, too, is part of a series, *They Saw It Happen*. What is 'It'? One would suppose that *it* is an event – something dramatic like the sinking of the *Titantic*, or Larwood knocking out the Australians with his bodyline bowling. This is often the case: scenes of war, royal processions, the suffragettes storming the House of Commons. But more often *it* is something less definite: accounts of how people lived or what they felt. Sometimes these are highly enjoyable. My favourite piece in the book is Sir Harold Nicolson's account of an Edwardian weekend; I could read it again and again. It begins with the Edwardian rising from his bed, and plunging into a tepid bath. 'Edwardian water was always tepid'. It goes on to the breakfast, with the rows of little spirit lamps, the cold meats and ptarmigan. 'Hot or cold. Just Ptarmigan'. There would be porridge.

> Then would come whiting and omelette and devilled kidneys and little fishy messes in shells. And then tongue and ham and a slice of Ptarmigan. And then scones and honey and marmalade. And then a little melon, and a nectarine or two, and just one or two of those delicious raspberries.

So it goes on – with a brief interlude for church and an afternoon drive in the motor-car – through one vast meal after another, until the Edwardian, fortified at midnight with devilled chicken and spirits, would retire to his bedroom, where he found waiting for him Malvern Water and Vichy – and sandwiches. Edward VII, one might add, always had a cold boiled chicken by his bedside and would gnaw at it during the night-watches. This kind of evidence makes one feel that even we have had a revolution of a sort ourselves. But of course it is not quite genuine evidence. Sir Harold Nicolson wrote it 30 years afterwards, and perhaps even piled on things a bit.

Social history is perhaps best presented in these quick flashes, exaggerated and compressed. When built up in long stretches, it is on the dreary side. There is some of that here: the lists of three families in a single room, or the back-to-back houses with no running water. These are more telling in a table of statistics. Excerpts from novelists are missing in this volume. But they often provide the best background, so long as one remembers that they usually draw on impressions of their youth, even when they claim to be up to date. In social history, the atmosphere matters more than accuracy; and this is what novelists are good at – or should be. The professional historian tends to present social history as a string of anecdotes, and hopes that the atmosphere will create itself.

Political history is a different matter. Here anecdotes will not carry us through.

**The French Revolution*. By GEORGES PERNOUD and SABINE FLAISSIER. Translated by RICHARD GRAVES. *Secker & Warburg. 25s.*

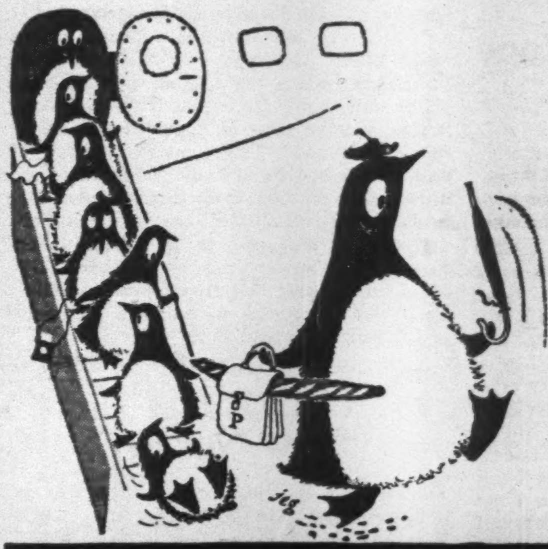
†*They Saw It Happen: An Anthology of Eye-Witnesses' Accounts of Events in British History 1897-1940*. Compiled by ASA BRIGGS. *Blackwell. 30s.*

We want to know how people lived: the food they ate, the games they played, the entertainments they enjoyed. We may even enquire what they believed, though there is not much of that subject here: ideas, like politics, are out of fashion. We have arrived at the strange situation where everyone votes, and nobody cares. No reader of this journal could write down the names of the present members of the Cabinet, except after hard work with a book of reference. It is even stranger that for the last 50 years our lives have been messed up by foreign affairs and yet all of us, except the specialists, regard all foreign affairs with profound boredom. Probably the best thing to do with politics is to put the fun back into them; and in this Professor Briggs succeeds. His many excerpts on political matters do not really add up to a sourcebook for recent history; but they, too, create an atmosphere. We have Asquith in supreme power and sustaining the buffets of defeat; Lloyd George leaping from one inspired improvisation to another; MacDonald dreaming of a better world. Sometimes we can follow a political intrigue, as when Lloyd George succeeded Asquith, or the Conservative backbenchers threw out Lloyd George. But there is a danger in all this, the danger of seeing in politics only the dramatic crisis and of missing the gradual process of events. In the end, history at its best is narrative; and the effect is lost when we move jerkily from one high-light to the next. It is consoling to discover that the past cannot be recovered by tying bits of raw materials together with bits of string. The Arabs of the desert make do with Kishkebab for lack of anything better. The wise man relies on a good cook, if he can afford one. Both these books demonstrate that we cannot do without the historian. This, no doubt, was Professor Briggs's intention. Otherwise he would be out of a job like the rest of us.

Blind Man

He can hear the owl's flight in daylight
When, surprised, on silky wings it shoots
From a low perch; and by the open window at night
The stag-beetles blundering in the hedges
On the far side of the meadow. Geese half a mile away
Honk near as hooters of swerving cars
And do not alarm him. Indifferently he awaits
Dogs that he feared when they slunk or bounded
Visible at him, as if in his carapace
Of darkness for ever secure from harm,
Wombed and housed and coffined within a wound
That has hardened to armour. The screech and the hum
Blend and subside in a resonant quiet,
Shapes he has fumbled to feel fall back
Into unbroken space when his hands forget them,
And still are present in his no man's land –
Above the nightmare tamed by light's extinction
The apple that hangs unplucked, grown fabulous.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER



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Bungle in the British Zone

Restoring Democracy in Germany. By RAYMOND EBSWORTH. *Stevens. 30s.*

I recommend this pleasant, unassuming little book to anyone who wants a fresh insight into the German problem. In telling the story of the attempts made to re-educate the Germans in the British Zone and introduce them to the methods of our own democracy, Mr Ebsworth is dealing with ancient history. True, it is scarcely ten years since the experiment petered out in German rearmament. But already the mood of the period seems fantastically remote, and it is easy to see why those in high places wish to forget it. For our Control Commission was set up on the absurd assumption that the occupation would last for a generation and German democracy could therefore be slowly constructed from the bottom upwards. From this it followed that, while sound British methods of local self-government were being introduced, party politics on a national scale should be completely forbidden. So our earnest re-educators concentrated their energies on substituting, for example, the British combination of an elected mayor and a non-political town clerk for the German *Magistrat* or *Bürgermeister*. No wonder most of the Germans regarded these 'improvements' as insults added to the injury of economic collapse and starvation. And they seemed all the sillier since the British recipe for democratic re-education made nonsense of those current in the US and French Zones. What American, for example, could insist on the need for a non-political civil service, and what Frenchman could seriously believe that the German danger could be dealt with at the parish pump?

The British policy of building democracy from the grass roots up was soon knocked on the head by the Russian decision to organise national political parties. Forced to follow suit, our experts backed the SPD, not, as Mr Ebsworth makes clear, for ideological reasons but because the German Socialists volunteered to work with us, when cannier politicians were holding back. In the sphere of party politics, however, we did achieve some success, since the British compromise between constituency representation and PR was finally adopted by the whole Federal Republic.

Then came the Berlin blockade, Korea and German rearmament. Suddenly British policy was put into reverse and proceeded full steam in the opposite direction. After being the arch dismantler among the victor powers and the main objector to any rapid transfer of authority, we became overnight the chief proponents of rearmament and of scuttle. The self-same official who had been conscientiously turning the Germans into pacifists and teaching them that it would be a generation before they were fit for self-government was now ordered to rebuke them for standing about with their hands in their pockets while other people defended their country; and members of the Control Commission who still showed any desire to guide and advise the Germans were savagely rebuked for 'governessy interference'. It is difficult to decide which was sillier, the snail's pace of our original experiment in re-education or the breakneck speed with which it was finally wound up.

Very wisely, Mr Ebsworth has not tried to give a comprehensive picture of the Control Commission. Instead, he has told his story in the first person singular and described only what he actually did himself. We are made to feel first the self-righteous certitude with which he set to work, then the shock he experienced when rearmament became the policy and, finally, the resignation with which he has watched most of his good intentions run into the sand. This is an immensely revealing little book, and I have yet to make up my mind whether this is due to ingenuousness or disingenuousness on the part of the author and whether the apparent simplicity of his narrative is charmingly artless or brilliantly artful. In any case he has contrived to make those who controlled our post-war German policy look extremely silly.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

New Novels

The Mansion. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto & Windus. 21s.*

A Bad Streak and Other Stories. By BRIAN GLANVILLE. *Secker & Warburg. 15s.*

Nothing Important Ever Dies. By ROMAIN GARY. *Cresset. 15s.*

American-Dream fanciers nearly always narrow down to Wolfe or Faulkner. A Wolfe man myself I surrendered to Faulkner only with *The Hamlet* and *The Town*. Now, with the third novel of the trilogy, allegiance wavers again. *The Mansion* is disappointing; especially when one remembers the repeated, visceral clutch of delight as one read on and on through the marvellous pages of the first two volumes, the showers of gold shaken – it would seem without effort – continually from Mr Faulkner's sleeve.

At the end of *The Town* we left the proliferating Snopes clan busily swallowing Jefferson; that is, Flem Snopes was still grabbing though many of his kin were being eliminated. In fact, as we now realise, nothing like a dynasty has been set up. Though indescructible (how to contain the Snopeses – isn't that the ultimate social and even nuclear dilemma?), they are of altogether too mean stature to cohere into a full-bodied power group. Flem has no heirs. Recognisable human characteristics have however begun struggling through that slow, obsidian stone. Money, it has penetrated that reptilian rapacity at last, is not enough. What he wants, between foreclosures, is (like that other creature so many planets apart: Becky Sharp) respectability. To this end, ensconced by now in De Spain's mansion, in De Spain's presidential chair at the bank, he directs his old, cold, unwinking deviousness towards such manœuvres as the engineering of Mink Snopes's betrayal even while he is still serving a prison sentence.

The long account of Mink's crime is still high, wonderful Faulkner. The fluid, many-levelled complexity of structures flows as easily in Time as ever. But the set pieces (save for the snorting, indecorous scotching of Clarence) are underproof. The hog is nothing to the toweringly comic, incomparable wild ponies or Mrs Hait's mule.

The big let-down, though, comes with Linda, daughter of Flem's wife, that Eula, that 'Helen, Semiramis, Lilith who happens once in a hundred years', who has committed suicide. Linda – despite a communist, artist husband killed in the Spanish War (which also blasts her into stone deafness), her later, vari-coloured attempts to do good in the post-war Jefferson plenty which doesn't appear (it is before Little Rock) to need them and her final, melodramatic revenge on Flem – remains the stereotyped, any American girl. And *The Mansion* – how awful to have to say it – is for much of its length the well-written any American novel; Yoknapatawpha County gone neon-ed, the rank, rich, individual, Southern juice half-drained away. Even the delightful Ratliff, Chorus and Gossip, mixture of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, Adlai Stevenson and maiden aunt, always running and finding out, is weakened, sentimentalised, much of his salt wit gone. The end of the novel with Flem's inevitable murder is hardly more than high-class thriller.

'How can I sing America?' cries Wolfe despairingly somewhere. Faulkner has sometimes done just that; but not in this book. However, earnest American Faulkner-Analysers will no doubt seize on *The Mansion* as so much more exercise for their earnest, analytical teeth. I still vividly recall one FA lapel-gripper. I suffered. I was there.

In Britain, of course, FA can only stand for Football Association. But it would be a pity if, carried away by the newly-fashionable sporting backgrounds, we were to overlook the nervous excellence of some of the Jewish or expatriate stories in *A Bad Streak*.

In 'A Betting Man' we have a middle-class Jew intermittently ravaged by gambling fever. He rises, rheumatically, one morning, breakfasts, argues with his wife, goes to his office, lunches jovially, makes an incautious, extravagant bet. The horse comes in and he's home. That is all. But in 12 pages of extraordinary skill and insight there is laid out the whole subtle, subterranean flux and essence of a man, his life and his society.

Mr Glanville has wonderfully sharp senses. With a quick narrowing of the eyes he sees immediately *what's going on* between people. His ear is preternaturally acute. But – a great limitation this – the only women he knows anything about are bourgeois mothers and dud avocados. Otherwise his is a man's world. It is also an often tinny and ignoble one. The recurring note in the sporting stories is 'Don't want to know you when you're down'. An attitude perhaps more to be expected in the theatre than on the field. But indeed, with its hangers-on, flash-and-out meteors, worshipping fans, managers, professional chat – sometimes hardly distinguishable, save for technical terms, from that of the pop world – these stories show our great, healthy, open-air, British sporting life to be as organised and bechromiumed as *Expresso Bongo*. At moments you hardly know whether you're in the dressing rooms of the First Division or the London Palladium. Absorbed with character, rather too anxious not to be taken in, Mr Glanville does not bother overmuch with plot. No loss to these knowing, truthful, melancholy stories.

Janek, 14, his father killed, hides in a Polish forest with a group of partisans during the war. The mysterious Partisan Nightingale maintains by his reported exploits their hope and their fight. Who is he? I spoil, I trust, no one's enjoyment of *Nothing Important ever Dies* if I reveal that the Nightingale is no other than our old friend The Unquenchable Spirit of Man; the necessary, heroic myth. M. Gary has undeniable gifts. His scenes are presented with a violent exactitude. The account of the ugly little Jewish child violinist who dies in the partisans' dug-out is unbearable in its conveyed sense of absolute wretchedness and waste. And there are some passages of hard, roaring comedy in the midst of ruin. And yet . . . the book is not good enough, there is too much crystallised, high-sounding slop of the 'When you love some-

continued on page 58

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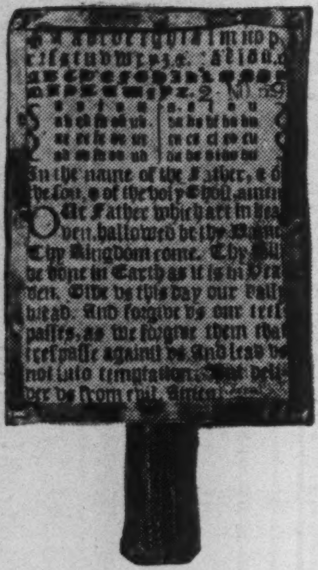

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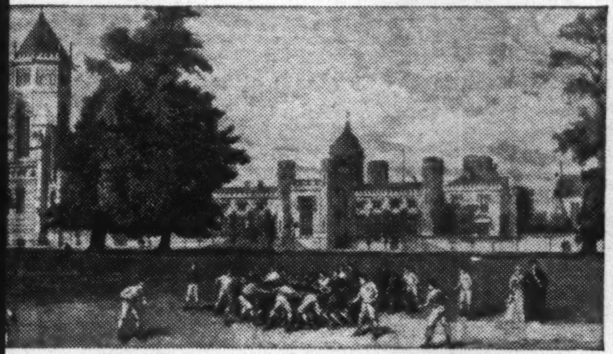
But it took the Bill of 1876 to provide all our children with the opportunity for decent education.
, too, a long way from the muscular Christianity of Dr. Arnold's Rugby:



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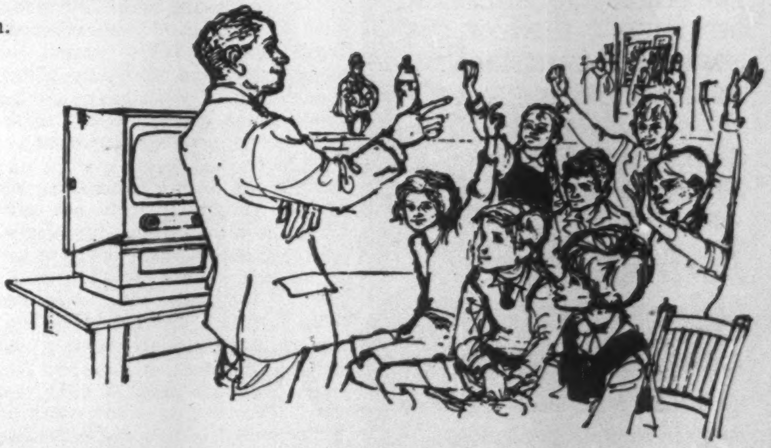

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one nothing can make you unhappy' variety. And the final irony, the 'And what has it all been *for*?' is distinctly *voulu*, a tacked-on, bitter smile. It is possible, however, that the first version of this book (which appeared in 1944) was written – and read – in a climate of simpler, more innocent fury than the cheaper weather of today.

GERDA CHARLES

The Political Mann

A Sketch of My Life. By THOMAS MANN. *Secker & Warburg*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Letters to Paul Amann: 1915-52. By THOMAS MANN. *Secker & Warburg*. 30*s*.

To acquire, or even to beg or borrow, these two small books, you would have to be very interested in Thomas Mann. And are we still prepared to be very interested in Thomas Mann? My own answer would be: aesthetically, a modified no; politically, an unqualified yes. For many English people, Thomas Mann has long been the German writer *par excellence;* the last great German to be, in Goethe's fashion, a great European. This image is now a little worn. As a philosophical novelist, his contemporary, Robert Musil, seems to us a saner and subtler mind; *The Man Without Qualities* makes *The Magic Mountain* and *Doctor Faustus* appear intellectually crude. And the belated recognition of Brecht's stature, in France and in his own country, has robbed Mann of that romantic finality he so assiduously cultivated. Mann was not, after all, the last burgher; the burgher of Lübeck yielded to the burgher of Augsburg.

Brecht broke, as we know, with the bourgeoisie. Mann never did. But, in a life's work devoted to the micro-analysis of the German bourgeoisie, he came near to doing so. Politically, that is his interest. In *Buddenbrooks* and the early *Novellen*, he exposed the death-wish underlying the apparently robust will-to-power of Imperial Germany. Yet when the test came, in August 1914, Mann opted for this sick, Schopenhauerian *Kultur*, in preference to the 'superficial' democratic *Zivilisation* of the Allies. Typically, Mann brooded on these themes so profoundly, and at such inordinate length, that his defence of 'Germanism' – the *Reflections of a Non-political Man* – appeared only in the final weeks of the war. The abortive Bavarian revolution, in which Brecht took part, was just round the corner. Never has a book been more untimely, or a title been proved more laughably true.

The books under review are interesting for the light they shed on the workings of Mann's mind during those years. In *A Sketch of my Life* (a disappointingly meagre work; it takes the story no further than 1930), Mann can still describe *Reflections* as 'the last great retreat action, fought not without gallantry, of a romantic bourgeoisie in the face of the triumphant "new".' Yet already, a paragraph later, Mann is the author of the famous address, *Von deutscher Republik*, in which he became the defender of German democracy against its romantic-conservative enemies.

And it was this commitment to a democratic ideal that was to be decisive: in its name, Mann was to denounce, as a public man, the romantic nationalism of the Nazis after 1933; and to embark, as a writer, on the construction of the New Deal utopia of the *Joseph Saga*. The dialectic underlying the novel he wrote in his Californian exile, *Doctor Faustus*, was not dissimilar: it was the struggle, within Mann's mind, between the dull democratic rationalism of his Dr Zeitblom, and the brilliant, but self-destructive, 'Germanism' of the composer Adrian Leverkühn.

Zeitblom won. But the victory of Zeitblom-Mann, most ironical of self-portraits, must have been prepared, if not decided, in the acute spiritual distress out of which *Reflections* grew. *Letters to Paul Amann* is confirmation of this. Paul Amann was a distinguished Austro-Jewish critic, who had written to Mann protesting against the tone and argument of his patriotic utterances at the outbreak of war. These protests must have seemed to Mann the more telling in that Amann himself was fighting on the Eastern front: Mann clearly did not relish the role of the bloodthirsty non-combatant.

Many English people may be surprised by the strength, on the evidence of these letters, of pro-Western (though not pro-Russian) sentiment in the German-speaking world during the first world war, and at Mann's unease in his comparative isolation as a German patriot. The arguments Mann deploys, in these tortuous, ruminating *Letters to Paul Amann*, are essentially those of *Reflections;* they are, therefore, of some historical interest (*Reflections* has never, I think, been translated). They are arguments which have since, in the mouths of undoubting fanatics, lost all respectability; and they have always been both intellectually shoddy and morally suspect. But it is proof of Mann's integrity – and this alone would justify the publication of these letters – that even while he was writing that lamentable book, he doubted. It was this moment of doubt, one feels, that sealed the triumph, 40 years later, of Zeitblom the sceptic over Leverkühn the believer.

JOHN MANDER

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Prime Minister

Sir Robert Walpole: The King's Minister. By J. H. PLUMB. *Cresset*. 30*s*.

This is the second volume of Dr Plumb's biography of Sir Robert Walpole, and carries the story from 1722 to the Excise crisis of 1733-4. To devote 333 pages to 12 years of an eighteenth-century statesman's life may seem to some an excess of biographical zeal, and Dr Plumb might have done better had he planned his biography in two volumes instead of, presumably, three. It is difficult to make the details of eighteenth-century diplomacy interesting, and I could have wished there were less of them in this book. Yet Dr Plumb has written a good book; he appears to have missed little in the way of original materials and he brings to bear on them some of the highest qualities of the historian's art: imagination, insight into character, and a lively and almost rollicking style. It might be Macaulay with a dash of Freud.

Dr Johnson once said that no one could write a man's life who had not known him. Certainly it is very difficult to re-create a historical character without his private correspondence: the difference between viewing the moon through binoculars and through the Mount Palomar telescope. Dr Plumb seems to have been unfortunate: he quotes very few letters from Walpole in this book; and the picture that emerges is at times cloudy and ill-focused. We lack concrete evidence, in Walpole's own words, of what he was thinking at decisive moments of his life. It is therefore all the more to Dr Plumb's credit as a biographer that his picture of Walpole is convincing.

Not that Dr Plumb is a hero-worshipper. Far from it: he sees Walpole four-square and makes no effort to blot out the defects. There is no special pleading: neither an attempt to judge him by the standards of today, nor to excuse him by the standards of his own day. The great virtue of this biography is that Walpole is painted as an eighteenth-century man in an eighteenth-century setting – another tribute to Dr Plumb's historical imagination. There is no attempt to clothe the political intrigues and manoeuvrings with the false garment of political ideas or to pretend that great issues depended upon them. Walpole's lust for power was enormous but his programme was commonplace, and hardly differed at all from that of his unsuccessful rivals, Carteret, Townshend or Pulteney. He wanted peace because war meant expense and trouble in the House of Commons; he wanted British commerce to expand and prosper, which would mean an increase in the revenue; he wanted to see his enemies – Jacobites, Tories, dissident Whigs, or the London mob – crushed at his feet. He had no conception of reforms in the state, no idea of Britain playing any role in Europe other than increasing her commerce and wealth. The colonies did not interest him; humanitarian ideas left him cold; administration, not reform, was the business of the politician. The state existed to preserve law and order, to benefit the upper classes, and to conduct foreign policy; and it was over foreign policy, if anywhere, that differences of principle arose.

Dr Plumb describes Walpole as a man obsessed with anxiety; in another place he writes of 'his restless suspicions.' He feared the Jacobites; was anxious about his standing with the King or his majority in the House of Commons; and was suspicious of his closest colleagues. Connected with this was his craving for power, which 'he pursued with the greed and lust of a jealous lover.' He 'lacked all intuitive sense of the surge of politics in the wider sense of public opinion' and 'never relished intellectual society' (though a great connoisseur of painting), yet was sensitive to the attacks made on him both by Grub Street and by the wits.

Dr Plumb does not quite explain how a man so unappreciative of public opinion managed to retain control for so long of a House of Commons composed largely of independents. For it is as a House of Commons man that Walpole's claim to greatness rests. And here once again the biographer is handicapped by the deficiency of his materials. For these years there are only summaries of debates, no full-length reports, and though the arguments of the speakers may be preserved, the cut-and-thrust of debate is missing. The salt has lost its savour: we are reading Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* and have lost the text of *Hamlet*.

JOHN BROOKE

A Smutty Story

Kwame Nkrumah and the Future of Africa. By JOHN PHILLIPS. *Faber.* 25s.

What is the meaning of Pan-Africanism? How far is Dr Nkrumah its authentic spokesman? What is the nature of the CPP regime in Ghana? These are vital questions for any student of world affairs today, and any book which seriously attempted to answer them would be very welcome. Unfortunately this is not such a book.

The author's standpoint may be judged from the following quotations taken more or less at random: 'My Phillips blood did little more than provide my great-grandmother as a lady-in-waiting for the Queen of George III'; 'An inspiring influence entered my life in 1946 – Sir Ernest Oppenheimer'; 'Some years ago a distinguished Portuguese pro-consul said to me over a glass of port . . .' And so on. We are in the world of a provincial South African, who regards government as the activity of great men, of pro-consuls and statesmen, and who by his own estimate has been fortunate enough to share the occasional confidences of the great. It is a far cry from the world of the Accra conferences.

But the book has its interest nonetheless. For the Phillipses of Africa are of some importance. They are not the most bigoted racialists. Economically secure themselves, they are prepared to admit, if British pro-consuls tell them so, that some Africans are capable of self-government. They were already prepared when Mr Macmillan made his Capetown speech, and ready and eager to go out and grasp any Ghanaian hand of ministerial level and above.

The experience was less unpleasant than they supposed. For their new friends turned out to be surprisingly loyal to the old traditions. Did not Dr Nkrumah allow himself to be photographed looking radiant with his hostess at Balmoral? The evidence is there in the frontispiece. And the people follow their leader. Thus:

> in addition to the common regard for a young and beautiful Queen, who has borne so magnificently and yet with such simple grace the great responsibilities inherently associated

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with the Throne, those in Ghana who have seen cinema-views of the Queen at many a State ceremony, are keenly anxious to see Her Majesty herself.

Surely the man who has preserved such a state of affairs must be a Man of Destiny. Is he not perhaps in his own humble African way, another Smuts?

That precisely is the preposterous thesis of Mr Phillips's book. Nkrumah has had to balance Nationalism and Republicanism against loyalty to the Commonwealth. So did Smuts. Nkrumah is a bit of a philosopher and eager to promote scientific research. So also was Smuts. Nkrumah from time to time deports and detains his opponents. Well, Smuts certainly did that too. The Commonwealth is thus still in safe hands. Let the men of destiny meet in multi-racial conference and all problems will be solved under the Flag. What a pity, Mr Phillips tells us, that the potentially fruitful talks between Dr Nkrumah and Mr Eric Louw were not continued.

What is missing from all this, of course, is any understanding of the political and class conflicts which pose the problems of government. Smuts was an Afrikaner scholar-soldier, who decided that South Africa should be developed by British capital. Having made this commitment, he was prepared to use troops against white strikers fighting for an uneconomical colour bar. Equally he did not hesitate to send in police to beat sense into African miners, when in 1947 they struck against their wages of 2s. 9d. per day. And, if he was one of the founders of the League of Nations, he was also a firm opponent of any attempt by the League's successor to interfere with race relations questions in South West Africa.

Nkrumah's problems are altogether different. In winning independence he created a party machine which assumed absolute control of all aspects of Ghanaian life. He used that machine to destroy the power of the chiefs and the old middle classes. And through the Pan-African conferences he has sought to give leadership to and take command of the whole African liberation movement.

To equate Nkrumah with the colonialist statesmen of the past is to obscure the real issues, whether, as in the case of left-wing critics of the CPP, this is regarded as a reason for censure or, as in the case of Mr Phillips, for praise. The truth of the matter is that the CPP regime could lead to the emergence of an irresponsible party elite defending its privileges by authoritarian legislation. This should be a matter of concern to any socialist and democrat. But, for all this, Dr Nkrumah and his party remain a progressive force in Africa, fighting to liberate it from the cruel exploitation which economic development by settlers and colonialists has involved. It is this and this alone which will ensure Nkrumah's role in the future of Africa, when Smuts and Welensky and Whithead are remembered only as a part of its unhappy past.

JOHN REX

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT *16s*

Collins-Harvill

The Unity of Yeats

The Whole Mystery of Art: Pattern into Poetry in the Work of W. B. Yeats. By GIORGIO MELCHIORI. *Routledge.* 40*s*.

Ever since the pamphlet on 'Leda and the Swan' we have awaited eagerly Professor Melchiori's book. The main title is, perhaps, not altogether happy, and it is well to quote his own intentions:

> In the first place my aim is not so much to point out the sources of different poems and to explain their meaning, as to discover and trace, as far as this is possible, the mental process by which they have come into being. At the root of each poem there is the intuition of a whole world of images, thoughts, echoes, sensuous experiences (whether auditory, visual or tactile) and stylistic conceptions, which have sunk very deeply into the poet's consciousness during the course of his life – a world which has been slowly forming through the years and is suddenly apprehended as a unified whole . . .
>
> My second purpose is to identify, at least tentatively, the principle by which Yeats succeeded in ordering the various experiences I mentioned before into the single structure of a poem . . .

On these lines the book develops. Professor Melchiori believes, very justly, that the mental pattern has a strong visual basis, and that this linear or visual pattern underlies the thought and the poetry. The roots are to be found in *A Vision*, which clarifies Yeats's personal doctrine of symbolism. The chapter headed 'Beast and Unicorn' discusses both symbols in their origin and significance; 'The Birth of Leda' explores and draws together the intricate references to that event. So with 'The Swan, Helen and the Tower', 'Images that Yet Fresh Images Beget', 'The Mundane Egg', 'The Dome of Many Coloured Glass', 'An Old Man's Eagle Mind'. The provenance of the titles is obvious, but they may perhaps fail to express the peculiar and sustained richness of this book.

No brief review could do justice to it. Professor Melchiori has a fine and subtle critical intelligence, and a profound knowledge of Italian and Byzantine art; he appears to have read not only Yeats's esoteric 'library', but an immense amount of related work, and he has had the benefit of Edgar Wind's *Pagan Mysteries of the Renaissance*. He understands, profoundly and sympathetically, the workings, the occasional tortuousness, the forming of 'image clusters' and the delayed 'eruptions' in Yeats's mind. The outcome of the book is to show us a far greater consistency in the thought, and a far more elaborate texture of references and undertones of meaning, in those 'series of interwoven paradoxes', than we knew before. It is difficult to turn a page without finding some specific illumination; we might instance, at random, the connection of the Swan with Aengus and Christ (that bears on 'Calvary'); the note on 'Giraldus'; the debt to Pound's monograph on Gaudier-Brzeska; the illustrations from *The Dome* and from William Law's exposition of Boehme; the source of the Hunchback and Alcibiades in Byron's *The Deformed Transformed;* the brilliant suggestion of the influence of Carl Milles' statuary; the comparison between 'Chosen' and the 'Nocturnall upon S. Lucies Day'.

I do not suggest there is finality here; nor would Professor Melchiori, who writes with tact and moderation, seek to claim it. There are additional suggestions which he might investigate; I believe that something more may be derived from Ricketts's illustrations to Wilde's *Salome*. Some of the Shannon drawings now in the Fogg Museum might repay study; there are cherubs riding on dolphins in the market square of Ravenna, and a white heron fishing in a Byzantine dome there. It has not, I think, been pointed out that two central symbols of *The Herne's Egg* occur, in juxtaposition, in Bellini's *St Francis in Ecstasy*, and the Titian *Europa* at Boston may repay investigation.

And if we are to ask, having in mind certain critics of work such as Wilson's, 'Where is all this leading to?' (for we may regret that *Yeats's Iconography* came out while this book was in the press) we might reply in some such words as these:

Yeats is a writer whose poems, plays, commentaries, prefaces, letters must be studied as a unity. He is, in addition to much else, a symbolist poet. He himself wrote that his symbolism might seem, even to his most valued readers, 'arbitrary, harsh, difficult'. His symbols have a bewildering, but never arbitrary, 'pluri-significance'. They are based on, and their power derives from, the fact that they are linked, with the peculiar inevitability of the creative mind, to tradition, reading, meditation, and a final anagnorisis; the recognition of the validity of the image through its recurrence in the cycles of history and even its physical manifestation in the present. For these reasons each discovery of the source of image or symbol, and their recurrent interrelations, indicates the poetical thought and purpose; how experience is held, enriched, and amplified, sometimes in successive forgings in draft, sometimes after long silence. To draw the totality of the work into such a unity is to reveal not only the enrichment of meaning but to draw us closer to the meaning of the symbols which are, in the last analysis, beyond the reach of exegesis or explication.

T. R. HENN

The latest in the Penguin series of foreign poets is *Hölderlin: Selected Verse* (6*s*.). *The* volume is introduced by Michael Hamburger, who has also provided prose translations of each of the poems. Others in the series are *The Penguin Book of German Verse*, edited by L. W. Forster; *Lorca*, edited by J. L. Gili.

Blue for a Bird

Maurice Maeterlinck. By W. D. HALLS. *Oxford.* 35s.

In 1906 Gide sat in Maeterlinck's box at the Mathurins Theatre where Georgette Leblanc, Maeterlinck's mistress, was playing in *La Mort de Tintagiles*. Gide later noted in his journal: 'Complete uninterestedness on Maeterlinck's face; materialism of his features; a man of the North, very positive, very practical, with whom mysticism is a mode of psychic exoticism'. That rebuke about mysticism is a little smug: Gide, to whom it applies also, is dissimulating. But in his own limitedly shrewd way he has spotted the ambivalence – the dour man with the rapturous inner life – that makes Maeterlinck hard to label.

There were two Maeterlincks, each living from 1862 to 1949; but the moralist who first appeared in *Le Trésor des humbles* (1896) – 'very positive, very practical' – took a long time to get over two simultaneous infatuations, each of which kept urging him into the theatre. One was Georgette, for whom he created his *femmes forte*: Monna Vanna the sensuous, Joyzelle the beauty, Tatiana the mixture of evil and self-denial, Marie-Victoire the flower of connubial bliss and Marie-Magdeleine the courtesan who learns the inevitability of self-sacrifice. These are the queens of significant silences. They all face Destiny gamely. When pushed to the edge of the macrocosm they fend off Death with Phèdre-like intensity and banal language. That is the nearest they come to finding the blue bird, the symbol of cosmic happiness; and even the children in that forbiddingly anagogic elaboration of Barrie, *L'Oiseau bleu*, fail to track it down.

Being also infatuated with Symbolism, Maeterlinck preferred the Unknown to truth: as Mr Halls says, 'This unknown he magnified, poeticised, and, on occasion, debased'. The plays baffle and annoy. Their meaty ethical problems disappear into portentous obscurity – dark deeds into a black of nuance. Steady anaphora builds up the tension, but suddenly all dissolves into whimsy. (The only way to convey mystical experience in plays is, as Eliot has shown, to pretend to make it look ordinary.) In 1910, however, at the apogee of his dramatic career, with the Nobel prize in the offing, Maeterlinck begins an essay that develops into one of his most important books: *La Mort*. This brooding treatise begins his mature exploration of life's precariousness; the inscrutable macrocosm has given way to a microcosm of bees, 'the intelligence of flowers', termites and ants. In 1911 he meets Renée Dahon whom he will eventually marry. From now on his best goes into his essays; he even confesses to writing out of sheer habit. The 'Northerner' streak in him prompts a dozen collections of essays and three books of 'popular science'. The naturalist and bestiarist supplant the lover of faery; and a further dozen plays, all feeble, cannot disguise his affinity with, say, Camus rather than with Villiers de l'Isle Adam. He moves from the Senecan to the Pascalian, from the gimmicky to a bare *que sais-je?*

Mr Halls's informative study makes this watershed obvious, but mostly in terms of biography. Personally, I find the post-Nobel Maeterlinck, his mind freed of cults, fascinating; and I wish Mr Halls had given us more, and more critical, discussion of those books of essays, more quotations, more analysis of the texts, and less of Maeterlinck's motorcycle, boxing, tone-deafness, roller-skating, sub-machine-gun, two wristwatches, admiration for Salazar, quarrel with Debussy and misadventures in an adoring America. Here was a man whose *summa* was no system. He persistently quoted Marcus Aurelius's 'Nothing can fall out of the universe'; his quest for a 'mystic morality' yielded to 'total agnosticism'; in *Le Grand Secret* (1921), a history of occult and esoteric doctrines, he is the perfect heir of Pico della Mirandola. *Les Justiciers*, written in America probably as a film scenario, sends one at once to Camus's *juge-pénitent*, for Maeterlinck's Salomon (a judge) redeems himself by saving the life of a little boy. The thesis of *La Grande Loi* (1933) is 'the law of universal attraction on which are grafted the Einsteinian phantoms of relativity.' Perhaps this medley of agnosticism, science, pantheism, stoicism, Renaissance syncretism and amateur entomology yielded few 'very positive, very practical' results. Yet, for anyone who enjoys the spectacle of a robust-minded man publishing his confusions as they arise, it is enthralling. If he had not been so fond of the Unknown he would have found confusion less enlightening and pessimism less exotic.

Only in his brief last chapter does Mr Halls really get to grips with Maeterlinck's main ideas. We need a much more sustained account and in a prose stripped of such fustian as 'The First World War burst upon a frightened Europe like the thunderclap of doom'; 'the path that Maeterlinck would fain have us tread'. It is usual to express surprise that Maeterlinck lingered on, and kept writing, until 1949; even so, he doesn't sound half as ancient as some of his commentators.

PAUL WEST

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These islands;
the remnant peaks of a lost continent,
roof of an old world, molten droppings
from earth's bowels, gone cold . . .
(A. R. D. FAIRBURN)

An old man's blood spills bright as a girl's
On beaches where the knees of light crash
down.
(ALLEN CURNOW)

But praise St Francis feeding crumbs
Into the empty mouths of guns.
(DENIS GLOVER)

My love is a bag of nails, is a bag,
is waiting for me, watching me, is there
outside the street, the barman moans.
(KENDRICK SMITHYMAN)

In his 50-page introduction, at once scholarly and compressed, Mr Curnow proves himself both a sensitive critic of individual poems and his country's ideal interpreter. He stresses New Zealand's geographical isolation, and her poets' ambivalent attitude to the mountains, the sea, and Megalopolis. He sees these preoccupations not as purely local phenomena, but as symptoms of a widespread predicament – 'the homelessness of modern man'; and he makes out a persuasive case for the better poems as reaching out towards a wider reality than the merely national. They are at once records of the poets' struggles to achieve a specifically New Zealand consciousness, and to resolve the conflicts that beset the life of the imagination everywhere.

New Zealanders do not write only about landscape. They can be teasingly introspective; they can be witty; they are good at putting people into poems; they have a talent for political and satirical verse, and for the poetry that comes closest to popular speech. Dylan Thomas once electrified a Cambridge audience by reading Mason's 'Judas Iscariot', which portrays the arch-traitor as an extravert sportsman with a sense of humour, the cricketing English gentleman rather than the rugby-playing pig-island democrat. Why is its author not better known here?

Mr Curnow has produced a genuinely critical anthology which illuminates both the literary and social history of New Zealand. The glossary, indexes and biographical notes are beyond reproach; and there is a most informative short essay on New Zealand verse and the Maori tradition.

THOMAS CRAWFORD

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Bricks and Mortar

Housing Needs and Planning Policy. By J. B. CULLINGWORTH. *Routledge.* 28s.

Tradition and Change: A Study of Banbury. By MARGARET STACEY. *Oxford.* 35s.

Overspill is an ugly word for a process which, at its best, enables people to move from slums or inadequate houses in big cities to a place of their own in the fresh air either of an existing community or a new town. As a word it has the harsh overtones of a desperate kind of remedy but it's the only word we have. And in Mr Cullingworth's important and well-documented study overspill is presented in its better light, not only as a negative kind of tactic in the losing struggle against the government's planning inertia, but as a positive means both to housing decently the millions of people who need now, or are shortly going to need, a roof over their head, and in offering them a decent social life.

His argument will be unpopular in those circles where *laissez-faire* now rules the roost and the notion that England will be one long, broad conurbation stretching from Kent through London through Birmingham to Manchester is regarded not only as inevitable but even as desirable. At the heart of his appraisal of housing needs is a remarkable calculation. Whereas it has been assumed that, by 1978, some one and a half million new dwellings would be necessary to meet demand, Mr Cullingworth asserts, on good evidence, that the figure may well be nearer four million. The way things are now, with the metropolis exerting its magnetic lure, this is a chilling prospect. He sketches more detail into the portrait. For example, in current and future development, factories, schools and parks are liable to require more space than once they did. Large blocks of flats, while a useful weapon in the armoury, themselves require more space in terms of services than is sometimes assumed.

So what is the nation to do? Are the present inhabitants of the large cities, for example, prepared to see the countryside that surrounds them eaten up by the locusts of haphazard or even regulated building? At what point will life become intolerable? Mr Cullingworth is particularly stimulating in that he meets squarely the objection of that powerful lobby which believes it is now impossible to swim against the tide of centralisation – the tide of history. He argues that industry will need to be dispersed – not, as now, simply as a defensive mechanism to help areas where the nineteenth-century industrial organism is dying – but as a creative act of social policy. Why shouldn't cities like Northampton grow, instead of London or Birmingham?

Or a town like Banbury which for three years Mrs Stacey and a research team investigated, to discover what effect new industry and an incursion of the workers had on old England? The pressures which drove families to Banbury were those of unemployment in areas of heavy industry; in the future the pressure might be housing needs. The effect of their arrival was to disrupt the 'traditional' English scene, naturally. What is more remarkable is that after 20 years and more the two societies meet only seldom. The locals, the Tory-Anglican, Liberal-Free Church crowds, themselves no great friends, see practically nothing of the trade union or Labour Party people. And existing along the margins of this society are the managers, those mercenaries who move from place to place in the chain-store, take-over age, who never really belong anywhere. In one sense this study of Banbury is of limited value in that the town was too small and well-knit a community, before industry came, to offer a guide to overspill policy. In another sense it is fascinating in offering detail of the strange behaviour of the English (whom, perhaps, it would be unfair totally to categorise as emotional cripples, obsessed as they are with class, nursing as they do their snobberies to keep themselves warm). One's only regret is that Mrs Stacey didn't allow her pen to run away with her, her observation is so sharp, her conclusions so pointed. Sociologists, after all, *are* human beings studying others in the same unfortunate situation.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Paperbacks

Watching the growing army of paperbacks march past, one notices many old and worthy friends in the ranks. Away from England for a year, I return to find the bookshops crowded with them, mostly as eager and as fresh as the day when they first stepped out in hard covers. There are the excellent volumes coming from Routledge, who have one of the best backlists of sociology, psychology and anthropology on which to draw – the latest batch includes Erich Fromm's *Fear of Freedom* (7s. 6d.), which every socially literate adult should possess. Macmillan, putting out *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (8s. 6d.), provide the student with J. M. Keynes at a reasonable price, and accompany it with an important new textbook by Joan Robinson: *Exercise in Economic Analysis* (6s.). Never content with traditional techniques, always concise and to the point, she has not presented the student with propositions to be learnt but with an explanation of the way the propositions of economic theory are reached. The exercises are incorporated in the text and must be worked out by the reader as he proceeds.

Penguin have come out with a splendid set of 'committed' fiction. Three French books head the list. André Malraux's novel *Man's*

Estate, about the Shanghai Communists in 1927, was one of the key books of the Thirties. *The Age of Reason* is the first part of Sartre's four-volume *Les Chemins de la Liberté*, and this story of eve-of-the war Paris came out here before the reading public had quite caught on to Sartre. (Both these are published at 3*s.* 6*d.*) *The Outsider* (2*s.* 6*d.*) was the first book by Albert Camus, and it also appeared in Britain just after the war: it is almost an impertinence to describe it as one of the greatest contemporary European novels. The *Collected Stories* (3*s.* 6*d.*) of Isaac Babel are not so widely known as they deserve. Babel, a writer of superb gifts, fell out with Stalin and died in a concentration camp: these stories, which include his sketches of service with a Red cavalry unit in Poland in 1920, reveal the talent that was stifled into silence.

Brecht's irony is more obvious than Babel's: I have never cared much for the text of the *Threepenny Opera*, and think it was made by Weill's score. But the *Threepenny Novel* (4*s.*) gave him more scope to develop the same satire: Brecht always needed more room than he could find on the stage. Robert Musil is still not widely known here. But *Young Törless* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a fascinating novel of the dying days of Austro-Hungary: its theme of homosexual sadism is similar to the brutalities of the US military academy described in *End as a Man*, but its allegories are pointed with far greater delicacy. Max Frisch is a best-seller across the Channel: *I'm Not Stiller*, an 'identity' novel, is not Kafka or Mann, but it is a better-than-average who-am-I? (4*s.*)

From the other side of the Atlantic come some dubious recruits. The worst of them are simply reader-fodder, flung on to the market as the surplus of over-production, pretentious second-rate texts by sententious second-rate professors. The best of them are often reprints of books we could do without reading, inoffensive but undistinguished glosses on history and politics. Such, for instance, are two books by Henry B. Mayo: *Introduction to Marxist Theory* (Oxford, 12*s.*) and *Introduction to Democratic Theory* (Oxford, 22*s.*), sober and didactic volumes that lack a cutting edge. There is nothing particularly wrong with them, but equally there is no very good reason why they should elbow aside other and better books on the same subjects.

Herbert J. Muller's synoptic book, *The Uses of the Past* (Oxford, 13*s.* 6*d.*) is a series of profiles of different civilisations – Judaic, Hellenic, early Christian, declining Rome, medieval Christendom – that owes a good deal to Toynbee, but is a characteristic college-course textbook. It is the kind of 'history writing' that Frederick J. Teggart insists in *Theory and Processes of History* (Cambridge: California, 13*s.* 6*d.*) prevents historical investigation from producing a 'science of man'. This kind of synthesising is better done in *Ancient Education and Today* (Penguin, 3*s.* 6*d.*) in which E. B. Castle shows how writing to a selective theme can be much more illuminating than trying to cram everything in – a process that leads to snap judgments rather than analysis. Another new Pelican, *Modern Science and the Nature of Life* (4*s.*), by William S. Beck, is an excellent American survey of the development of biology: the historical approach is certainly the easiest way into the subject for the layman. Finally, a Penguin Handbook, *Journey Through Adolescence* (2*s.* 6*d.*) by Dr Doris Odlum, is exactly the kind of book which Penguin-Pelican have done so well for years to help us understand ourselves and others.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

LONDON

On Independent Television
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'THE DEBT COLLECTOR'

by A. P. Dearsley

In 1945, a chance suggestion that his diaries contained material for a play, launched A. P. Dearsley on a new career. Author of many West End productions including 'Fly Away Peter', which was later filmed, 'warmth, charm and magic' are the dramatic qualities he most values. Television has provided him with a further medium for his ideas. 'The Debt Collector', the fourth television play by A. P. Dearsley to be produced by Associated-Rediffusion, is the story of a chance encounter in the South of France and its effects on a woman and her friends. Lally Bowers, Barrie Ingham, Peggy Thorpe-Bates, William Kendall, Heather Chasen star in 'The Debt Collector'. The play is directed by Tania Lieven.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Zadkine's Hand

JOHN BERGER

Excuse me if I first deal with the bureaucrats. In general it is the resort of precious aesthetes to complain about how an exhibition is mounted. Occasionally, however, the presentation of an exhibition seriously hinders appreciation, and this is such a case. Whoever on the Arts Council has been responsible for handling the Zadkine exhibition ought to be downgraded and made to serve another apprenticeship. Zadkine is one of the few great sculptors of our time. This is his first official exhibition in England. Yet a country draper could have displayed the 80 sculptures better than they are now displayed at the Tate.

His *Orpheus*, one of his most famous works, has been shoved into a badly lit corner in front of ladders and stacked junk. A beautifully subtle wood carving of a torso is wedged between two immense varicose pillars which would dwarf anything short of a steamroller. His best carvings are placed on high mantelpiece-like ledges against the walls – so that it is impossible either to appreciate their surfaces or to see behind them. Has no one in the Arts Council ever heard that to understand sculpture, and particularly carving, you must be able to walk round it? The wall panels and stands have been painted a kind of grey vomit colour – a battleship grey after a rough passage. The drawings are hung in gimcrack election booths. The lighting looks like a back-stage installation. The catalogue tells you very little, and the translation of the Introduction from French is O-level standard. Could it be that this treatment of such a great artist has something to do with the fact that until quite recently he always refused to have a dealer? Or is it just that his exhibition happens to coincide with that of the American Ambassador's private collection – presented of course as prettily as a debutante? Zadkine – why weren't you a diplomat? Why didn't you buy instead of make?

Because I have been myself, he might answer. But what is this self? How are we to recognise Zadkine? In precisely what way can he enrich us – despite the grandiloquence of Lord Duveen's columns and the ignorance of the Arts Council?

First I will briefly sum up what I have said before and generalise. Zadkine's historical importance lies in the fact that he has used the theoretical discoveries and liberties of Cubism to create an art of directly human significance. The paradox in an early Braque painting of seeing a bottle simultaneously from the side and from the top becomes in Zadkine's hands the paradox of a figure, a man, being simultaneously present and absent. Cubism was concerned with the *process* of seeing: and was opposed to the static viewpoint. Zadkine is concerned with the *process* of becoming, of metamorphosis, and is opposed to any form having a single identity. He has applied the dialectic of Cubism to the human condition.

He inherited Cubism. He was not one of its innovators. The dozen or so directly Cubist works in this show were made surprisingly late – in the Twenties and Thirties. He admits this debt to Cubism. Talking, he said: 'We had our eyes opened. Wide open and seeing in the dark like a cat's. The true Cubists could never not see again.' Just as he also admits and is proud of the specifically human use to which he put the new language. 'In all my works there is a string for people to catch hold of. I am also a string-maker' – this he says with an almost cunning smile, glancing at the *Orpheus* in the centre of his studio – 'That's why I never make an abstract work. The string can be quite modest, but it must be there so that the person passing by can catch hold of it and climb up into the work. The string is made from the direct human sentiment. If there's no string, people walk by without stopping. They remain outside the work'.

Each spectator must climb up the strings in his own way. But to clarify what I mean I will give one or two examples – apart from the Rotterdam monument which I have already analysed in detail, and a small version of which is included in this exhibition. There is a portrait of François Mauriac. His head is almost as thin as a cut-out weather vane. The point of this distortion is that from the front-right he appears to be talking, as the profile of a ruler on a coin appears to be ruling. And from the back-left he appears to be silent and thinking. From one side – reflection: from the other – expression. There is *The Return of the Prodigal Son.* How many figures stand there waving him welcome? From the back there seem to be only two; from the front there are four, one of them a child in arms, whose silhouette is only traced by the dark shadow of a space. Have you never come home and been embraced by one who seems at the same time to embrace you with the arms of all those who can't be there at that moment, but who welcome you nevertheless? There is *The Birth of Forms* whose branches are arms, legs, flames, roots, deep-sea corals and crowing cocks – all of which in sensations, dreams and fears attend most births.

Of course I now lay myself – and more important Zadkine – open to the charge of being called literary. It is true that some of Zadkine's works are formally stronger than others. Sometimes he is unable to find the form that can devour the idea behind the work and make it its own. Occasionally the form has to carry the idea in its mouth, like a faithful retriever. Parts of the large standing figure of the *Poet* and parts of the large *Harlequin* are like this. But every artist of this century, who has not contracted out of the problem, has had such relative failures for the same reason: at times experience has overwhelmed him. The charge of being 'literary' is far more revealing today about those who make it. I can imagine certain business circles where *any* smile is thought to be ingratiating. It has now become like that in the cold narcissistic culture that we produce: any work that deals with common experience is condemned as literary. Two students stood in front of the polychrome wood carving which Zadkine simply calls *Torso*. One of her breasts has become a green apple which she holds. 'It's Eve,' said one of the students. 'You see the apple?' his companion replied. 'Literary stuff'. And so, as they have been taught to do, they dismissed it. They were blind to the marvellous turn of the carving, the hypersensitive use of the grain of the wood, and the fact that letting a breast become an apple is a formal and sensuous pun – not a literary one at all. The irony goes full circle. Their dread of literature makes them literary. They could not see beyond the apple suggesting the Genesis story, which in fact had nothing whatsoever to do with the work.

But now to return to our question. How are we to recognise Zadkine? What is the secret of his success in applying the lessons of Cubism? Why is he one of the few artists who suggest a line of development into the future?

In 1907, aged 17, Zadkine arrived in London without job or money. He got taken on temporarily in a wood-carving studio for church furniture. 'Somewhere,' he says, 'in an English church there is a lectern, with the eagle holding the Bible on the back of its outspread wings. One of those wings I carved. It is a Zadkine – unsigned. The man next to me in the workshop was a real English artisan – such as I'd never met before. He always had a pint of beer on his bench when he was working. And to work he wore glasses, perched on the end of his nose. One day this man said to me: "The trouble with you is that you're too small. No one will ever believe that you can do the job. Why don't you carve a rose to show them?" "What shall I carve it out of?" I asked. He rummaged under his bench and produced a block of applewood, a lovely piece of wood, old and brown. From this I carved a rose with all its petals and several leaves. I carved it so finely that when you shook it, the petals moved. And the old man, my old comrade, was right. I had to leave that workshop as soon as the rush job was over. When I went to others, they looked at me sceptically. I was too young, too small and my English was very approximate. But then I would take the rose out of my pocket, and the rose proved eloquent.'

In the telling of this story we can find just the hint of an answer. Zadkine is at one and the same time practical and lyrical. He has the common sense, the working-day materialism of a craftsman – and a craftsman in the sense that a plumber is one – and he also has imagination: an imagination that no more respects dictionary definitions than a bird respects the fences lying between different properties.

The elements of his sculpture (and in this only he is like Léger) are simple, unambiguous, interchangeable: one could justifiably call them his stock-in-trade. (I see that Basil Taylor in the *Observer* has noticed the same thing, but concludes that this automatically makes Zadkine's work academic. Yet by the same token, all art before about 1820 might be described as academic, and so the term is hardly belittling.) Zadkine's sculpture is constructed from parts, like a chair. There is no nonsense about immaculate conceptions. He has several alternatives for a head, an arm or a knee. And by now whichever one he chooses to use is to some extent ready-made. Certainly it is Cubist-made. Yet this gives his work a consistency, a bluntness, a lack of suggestion which keeps it, as it were, very clean. You can learn his vocabulary quickly and then you can read whatever he wants to say. It is clean in the sense that it is the opposite of obscure. At the same time it is scarcely ever banal. This is where his imagination operates. One cannot define an individual imagination. One can only record some of its favourite journeys and connections.

Zadkine's imagination is very closely connected with wood. Many of his sculptures grow upwards like trees, with spreading branches. The kind of complexity he likes is organic and labyrinthine. He has seldom sculpted animals but quite often there are metaphors of bird and deer in his works. His love of stringed instruments is at least partly a love of carved and fretted wood. And most important of all, it is in wood that he is able to find a parallel for his continuous human theme. Wood is alive, but it is also long-living. A tree goes through many changes. It does not record time repetitively, like the hands of a clock; it records time by growing and changing in all its forms. It is the best, most tangible example of all that is implied by growing, becoming. The poet becoming his poetry. The razed city becoming a plan for a new city. The apple becoming the breast. The mother becoming her child. The sexes becoming sex. These are his subjects. And as in a forest the one constant is that of the leaves turning and probing towards the light, so in his sculpture the one constant is his love of the human hand: the hand that continuously makes and searches for something else, for more.

Zadkine's lyricism by itself might become either mystical or faery. His working common sense might by itself only allow him to be a Cubist jobber. As it is, the two combined make him an extraordinarily sane artist. The separation between hand and mind which renders our culture schizophrenic is healed in his art. He imagines simply, he builds simply. Will everyone be able to do it one day?

Four Whitney Pictures

BENEDICT NICOLSON

Rather than try to write a review of the John Hay Whitney Collection at the Tate, I propose to concentrate on four pictures that specially appeal to me. (Incidentally, it is important to pay no attention to the colour plates in the catalogue: they are all lies.)

DEGAS, *Self Portrait* (*c.* 1862). Not a self-revelation but a cold record. No veil is torn aside. Curious, that this most objective of artists should have painted himself so often. Van Gogh one can understand. But Degas never revealed anything about himself, yet was obsessed by his own disdainful face and insisted that we should learn it. I know why. It was a kind of challenge, he wanted to show one could be objective *even* about oneself. He seems to be saying 'here is a face; it happens to be mine'. Romantic critics could write pages about the 'suffering' revealed in this face, as well as about the beauty in it. Beauty is there, and there may be suffering also, but Degas does nothing to help us to see them, he is content to take down like a stenographer what the mirror dictates. He does not bring one point out or play another down. Is this all there is to it, then? No, because I have left out the art and the artistry. If he had never studied Pontormo, Delacroix, the early Courbet, his self portrait would have looked quite different, even if he had stood or sat in the same position in front of the same mirror in the same conditions of light (but he wouldn't have: even his choice of pose is dictated by knowledge of earlier self portraits). Realism is just as much a victim of the art that precedes it as any other style before 1860.

RENOIR, *Le Bal au Moulin de la Galette* (1876). 'Impressionism is just as much a victim of the art that precedes it as any other style before 1875'. Is this equally true? Not quite. Of course the names of Rubens, Watteau, Fragonard spring to our glib lips in the presence of this Renoir, but the picture adds something quite new to art. Even now we cannot get over the heroism of the underfed young man who did it, knowing that it would be mocked, convinced that it was the only possible next step. Of course looking back it seems natural enough. But think what it meant then! A lot of ordinary people dancing in a garden on a Sunday afternoon at the top of the Montmartre hill – nobody had ever thought there was such a subject. And the treatment of it! Bodies cut in half by – of all obstructions – the frame; faces unrecognisable as faces because they are pulled out of shape by light; hands ceasing to be hands because they slither like open wounds across other people's backs; cheeks, not cheeks but splodges of yellow; cascading hair as arbitrary as stains on a wall. What is that bolster dumped down on the back of a chair? It must be an arm. What are those dabs of blue in the distance, looking as though some schoolboy brush were amusing itself? They must be groups of people conversing.

We say, rightly, that this is as close as art can get to pulsating life. But in order to get as close as this, Renoir had to forget what arms, cheeks, dancing trousers are supposed to look like, and start again from scratch with his innocent eyes. That was half the battle. The other half was to make sure that no corrupting knowledge blocked the passage between eye and brush. In that split second between seeing and recording, there was always the danger that common sense would come creeping back.

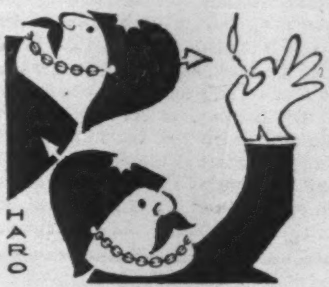
SEURAT, *L'Ile de la Grande-Jatte* (mid-1880s). Take away the figures from Renoir's courtyard and imagine what would be left: a meaningless daub. With Renoir you can never divorce people from their surroundings. With Seurat you can take away all the people and a wonderful picture stays behind. I daresay if this landscape stood isolated in Seurat's work we might feel a little disturbed as well as intrigued by the desolation: such an agreeable island on such a beautiful summer's day asks to be enjoyed by someone; also such sturdy horizontals and diagonals are crying out for complementary verticals. But we have grown so familiar with the Chicago picture that we instinctively supply the necessary stately holiday-makers, just as when the curtain rises on an empty stage, for the performance of some familiar classical drama, we can imagine what stylised attitudes the actors are going to take up. In an earlier age this solemn setting would have been suitable for a Baptism. The fact that Seurat filled it with the inhabitants of the industrial suburbs of Paris, converting them into effigies, proves his faith in the dignity of ordinary human beings.

MATISSE, *Fenêtre ouverte, Collioure* (1905). If we think of French nineteenth-century paintings of interiors, we are usually conscious of a contrast being drawn between the room itself and the view through the window. More likely than not the window will be shut, reminding us that life indoors is very different from life outside. Then, when artists made a habit of travelling to the Mediterranean in search of colour, they discovered that the barriers between indoor and outdoor life were knocked down; moving in and out of the house no longer involved any change in mood or behaviour. This new way of life revolutionised the window-scape. Now at last we can speak sensibly of a *plein-air* interior. In Matisse's picture we are drawn by easy stages from our position in the room, through the window flung wide open for our benefit, from ledge to flowerpot to balcony out on to the beach; then our eye is led back into the room

O elusive Paul Jennings!

THERE ARE 284 Jenningses in the London telephone directory. But he isn't one of them. I once knew a regiment that had six Jenningses. But he wasn't there either.

Paul Jennings lives at East Bergholt, has a wife, children and a regular column (called Oddly Enough) in The Observer. If you don't know him, it's high time you did.



If you do know him don't sit back just yet. I have a problem for you. Can *you* think of a better word than 'elusive'?

You can't call him 'incomparable'. He positively invites comparison. He is, for example, as funny as twenty comedians and three times as enlightening.

He isn't inimitable either. People do imitate him. And not only his style—his Weltanschauung (or way of looking at the world) has had a considerable Einfluss (or influence).

Early on, Jennings discovered the basic conflict between People and Things—a battle as universal as the Sex War, and much funnier to write about. Would you trust the inside of a car? Or a typewriter? Or an Italian water-tap? You shouldn't, but if you must, at least arm yourself with the Jennings reports on the way these Things can annoy, confuse and embarrass People.

Yet Skram backwards

No, elusive seems to be the word. Jennings seems to have a strange knack of finding things that other people wouldn't even think of looking for. Did you know that the Danish for King Kong is Kong King? (Kong means King in Danish). Had you realised that the innocent-seeming town of Marks Tey was Yet Skram backwards?

Another thing. If you have anything like Jennings' luck, you may well buy The Observer 26 times a year, yet never see him. Elusive to the last, he appears only every other Sunday.

All in all, it's quite a good idea to take The Observer every week. It's the only way you can be sure of not missing Jennings—and Profile, Mammon, the Feiffer cartoon and all the other good things that make Sunday morning so bearable in fortunate Britain. J.B.L.

by the reflection of the beach in the glass shutters, and by the repetition of swaying masts in the window struts. The eye learns to move from room to beach and back again without interruption, until suddenly we realise that the walls, far from constituting a confined space from which we gaze in envy at a marvellous free world outside, are just extensions of sky and sea, swept up in the same blaze of colour. Thus the room and the view from it become one. In some of Picasso's quite recent interiors, the distinction between the house and the country outside is similarly eliminated – and Matisse is no doubt his unconscious source.

Memorials

DAVID DREW

Matyas Seiber: after the verbal tributes come, more usefully, the musical ones. Last week some of our leading chamber-music players gave a memorial concert of his music at Morley College, where the composer had spent so much of his time as teacher and conductor. On Sunday, Seiber's *Improvization* for oboe and piano was included in a Park Lane Group concert at the Arts Council; and at Covent Garden, by a coincidence, the latest addition to the repertoire of the Royal Ballet, Kenneth Macmillan's *The Invitation*, uses what appears to be the last score that Seiber completed before his death. And now the London Philharmonic Orchestra have thoughtfully added to their programme for 28 March the first public performance of Seiber's fine *Fantasia Concertante* for violin and strings.

DISARMAMENT AND COLONIAL FREEDOM

N. S. Khrushchov

This book brings together the speeches made by N. S. Khrushchov as head of the Soviet delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York, September-October 1960, various interviews given by him during his stay in the United States, and the speech made upon his return to the U.S.S.R.

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Naturally, particular interest will centre on *The Invitation*, which is the only work for full orchestra in Seiber's *œuvre*. His preference for the string orchestra in his concertante works was a reflection of his predominantly chamber-musical cast of mind, and apart from his film scores he has only used the full orchestra and its full colour in the cantata *Ulysses*. The orchestration of *The Invitation* shows a chamber musician's awareness of individual instrumental characters. The mixing of colours is rare, and certain colours – notably that of the saxophone – are reserved for specific events quite late in the ballet's development. Even the piano – which is much abused by composers of theatre scores who wish merely to fill possible gaps resulting from the exigencies of life (especially touring life) in the theatre – even the piano is used fastidiously. But what of the music itself?

The score is ideal for its purpose. Within the limits of that purpose it does not contain a single weak passage. Without that purpose, it is inconceivable. No doubt it will inspire someone to observe once again that 'eclecticism can be almost an advantage in the theatre' – a weary old cliché that seems to imply that bad music can become a 'good thing' if you play it in some special place. Eclecticism is not something about which one can make rules: the composer himself must rule it. Seiber was a musician who listened to and responded to a wide variety of music. In *The Invitation* there are reflections of the Strauss of *Salome*, the Shostakovitch of *The Age of Gold*, and even, for a brief moment, the Wagner of *The Ring*. But they are reflected in the single mirror of Seiber's own creative personality. They are given a unity and a purpose.

The only 'borrowing' is a borrowing from Seiber himself. An important and very appropriate place is found in the score for a re-orchestration of the *Pastorale and Burlesque* which Seiber wrote some years ago (for flute and strings). This work provides two of the ballet's major set pieces, but the theme of the Pastorale is used throughout as a *Leitmotiv* for the Young Girl. This Pastorale is the nearest that Seiber ever came to bowing to the 'conservative' music of his adopted country. (It was characteristic of him that he would respectfully attend the rehearsals of the later Vaughan Williams symphonies before their premiere, even though he cannot personally have felt any great affinity with the music of that composer.) For the first two and a half bars of the Pastorale it seems as if Seiber is about to unfold a typically 'English' pentatonic melody: but then the tune takes a chromatic side-step, which imparts a new implication to the opening motive. This phrase is admirably expressive of the predicament of the Young Girl.

There is one feature of the score which, intentionally or otherwise, almost seems to constitute a meaningful quotation. The quasi-Bartokian motive which opens the score and assumes a position of considerable importance during its course is one that makes its appearance, in various forms, in many of Seiber's scores. But in this context it forcibly brings to mind the cry of Mrs Grose in Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*, 'Dear God, is there no end?' The rhythmic stress is different, but the suggestion is immediate, and effectively reminds us that in *The Invitation*, as in *The Screw*, 'the ceremony of innocence is drowned'.

The Invitation is unlikely to be accounted one of Seiber's major works (unlike the Quartetto Lirico which the Amadeus Quartet played so beautifully at Morley College last week). But it is yet another finely conscientious work by a composer who, even if he did not reach that 'heaventree', was at least capable of seeing it and humbly reaching out for it.

Qualms

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The first casualty in war is conscience, and to find a film that acknowledges this and then lets it slip is infuriating. This is the case with *Circle of Deception* (Rialto), a 'British' film directed for Fox by Jack Lee, with an Anglo-American cast. It is unfortunate, since the film demands authenticity, that hero and heroine should be transatlantic, and that the Nazi officer should be an Englishman aping George Sanders; but such blemishes would count for little if the general approach had been firmer.

Consider the issues. On the eve of Normandy, British Intelligence decide to mislead the enemy by dropping an agent who, knowing nothing of the plot, will be primed with false information, captured by the Gestapo, and tortured to breaking-point. One life, remarks the Intelligence Officer, to save perhaps 1,500 lives. To complicate matters, his assistant is a girl who has to scrutinise the victim for this role; the two fall in love, go to bed, and then off he flies on his double-dealt mission. He is duly captured, resists torture, finally breaks, and survives the war with a military cross, boozing in Tangiers and believing himself to be a coward.

Whether or not he is a coward – a minor point – has been made the chief interest of the plot; that and the interrupted love story, given a grotesque happy ending when the girl goes to seek him out and tell the truth after the war. The real drama of conscience resides in the Intelligence chief and the girl in Whitehall, but any inner feelings are glided over, and we are left with only the irony of cuts back from action to planning room. This might have been brought home if the film, having plumped for the thriller level, had gone all out for it. But it doesn't. Much of the suspense is lost by relegating the main action to flashback; some incidents lack clarity; a conventional thriller look takes the edge off again and again (for example, the invariable horizontal sun patterns on the walls indoors, even in North Africa): the tortures go either too far or (if the whole piece had been more realistic) not far enough. So, even on its thriller level, *Circle of Deception* proves tame, whereas it might, with so little more conscience of its own, have flown high. Still, one feels the prick.

Another affair of conscience (Nigel Balchin is credited as scriptwriter of both films) has produced what will probably be the year's whackiest film in *The Singer Not the Song*. Dirk Bogarde as the satanic bandit-ruler of a non-existent South American town has to be seen to be believed. He wears all black, with tight shiny trousers and a hard hat, cocks a gun, raises the right eyebrow – every Charing-Cross-Roader's dream – and he is engaged in picking off the town's citizenry in alphabetical order, an old thriller hobby. Women, even Mylène Demongeot from the big house, mean nothing to him. He has his eye on the new priest (John Mills), another and very different figure in black; and where conscience comes in is that his atheism dares the other to convert him. In the final gun-battle they at last lie embraced, dying together in the market place, the priest thinking he's won, the bandit murmuring, not for the first time, the title of the film. 'Unusual', remarked the lady in front of me to her companion, not at all put out by this *film noir à l'anglaise*.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,612 Set by D. R. Peddy

Competitors are invited to compose a requiem in verse (not more than 16 lines) for the non-existent Yeti. Entries by 24 January.

Result of No. 1,609 Set by Hilbrian

Competitors are asked to devise appropriate rhymed couplets as cracker mottoes for any three of the following: Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Enid Bagnold, Michael Foot, John Betjeman, Brendan Behan, Benjamin Britten, Dean Rusk, Adam Faith, Albert Finney, Federico Fellini, Jimmy Hill.

Report

A cracker motto should express a suitable sentiment or suggest a maxim for a rule of conduct; potted biographies of the recipients are not called for, although I cannot leave unquoted Martin Robertson's

> Rest ye merry! Grimes is thrashing, little Miles corrupted dies.
> Tarquin's raping, Billy's dangling – Britten's at his exercise.

Something sweeter than this, less obviously ironic, more banal perhaps, is needed.

Each of Mrs V. R. Ormerod's trio carried its special message to one member of the party, but would not have been wholly unsuitable whoever won it. She earns two guineas. A guinea apiece to G. J. Blundell and Frances Krusin; and commendations to everyone else quoted.

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

May Christmas on your home its joys bestow;
Kind hearts are more than coronets, you know.

JOHN BETJEMAN

Ring out the Old! Ring in the New!
That's what the Bells are telling you.

ADAM FAITH

Wreathe the holly; twine the bay;
Have everything in tune today.

V. R. ORMEROD

MICHAEL FOOT

Remember this maxim, and then you won't fail:
You gain the broad uplands by winning the Vale.

BRENDAN BEHAN

Pour out the drink with generous hand
For Time soon fills each glass with sand.

FEDERICO FELLINI

Remember in this festive hour
That life is death and sweets are sour.

G. J. BLUNDELL

BRENDAN BEHAN

Care not if the World approves you.
Do just as the Spirit moves you.

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

COMMENTARY BY THE CHAIRMAN

SIR A. HAROLD BIBBY, BART., D.S.O., D.L., LL.D.

INCREASED DIVIDEND AND PROFITS

Sir A. Harold Bibby, Bart., D.S.O., D.L., LL.D., Chairman of Martins Bank Limited, in the course of his Statement to Shareholders said, inter alia :—

At the beginning of last year the bank increased its issued capital by offering shareholders registered on 1st January, 1960, the right to subscribe for one new 5/- share for every two shares then held. This involved the issue of 13,191,064 shares of 5/- each at a price of 7/- per share. The success of the offer was revealed in the fact that over 96% of the shares issued were taken up.

As a result the share capital has been raised from £6,595,532 to £9,893,298 and our reserve funds now stand at £6,819,106.

The net profit for the year ended 31st December, 1960, was £1,420,261 compared with £1,161,411 for 1959. A year ago interim and final dividends of not less than 6½% each were forecast for 1960; an interim dividend of 7% was paid on the increased capital on 29th July and it is now proposed, if approved at the Annual General Meeting, to pay a final dividend of 8%, making a total of 15% for the year 1960.

Before providing for the dividend, appropriations from published profits have been made of £250,000 to Reserve for contingencies and £250,000 to Premises Redemption.

Mechanisation Developments

Early last year we conducted a successful exercise in the employment of an electronic computer for branch book-keeping. After careful study of the results we placed an order for a Pegasus II Computer which will soon be in operation in Liverpool and will gradually take over the care of at least 30,000 current accounts and a number of other mass recording routine objectives.

We hope that this new type of mechanisation will show rapid progress and that our staff will be relieved of much of the monotony of routine work.

Payment by Cheque

I referred last year to the proposed amendments to the Truck Acts which have since been approved by Parliament and it is now possible for wage earners to receive payment direct to their bank accounts, though payment of wages by cheque is not yet in force.

A general introduction of the cheque book into the homes, with all the advantages of a banking account and payment of salaries and wages by credits to accounts, would mean that the movement of large amounts of notes and cash from place to place would diminish. Likewise, branch banks, works, offices and shops would no longer have the need to hold large amounts of cash—a temptation to any robber—and thus many of the gangster hold-ups and robberies by threat or violence would cease.

The Shortage of Capital

The year 1960 has been one of higher Bank rates and higher interest rates. With the large programme for many years ahead for capital investment in both the public and private sectors, capital is going to be in heavy demand and short supply in the foreseeable future. In these circumstances, it would seem that those requiring loans to meet large capital expenditure will have to face up to interest rates at least as high as those ruling today and, if demand still further outstrips the supply, rates for borrowing may well rise rather than decline.

Restriction on Lending

Equally important in 1960 has been the re-introduction of credit restraint and of threatened squeezes and probably the threat of further restrictions on credit has done as much to curb expenditure as the actual measures themselves. Few will quarrel or want to quarrel with a Chancellor of the Exchequer on the wisdom of a touch on the brakes when the speed of the country's expansion is becoming rather higher than the country's resources can sustain, but when the brake is applied to one wheel it should, for fairness and safety, be applied simultaneously to the others. It seems particularly unjust that controls should be applied to the activities of the banks, who are utilising only about 45% of their deposits in making advances to their customers, and not to other institutions who normally spend or lend practically the whole of the amounts deposited with them by the public.

The Governor of the Bank of England in his speech at the Mansion House on 20th October last, supported the view that restrictions should also apply to other short term lenders. Since the end of the war the banks have been periodically under official pressure to restrict their advances and this has slowed up private, commercial and industrial development. During all this time Government controlled departments have gone on their merry way, the borrowing and spending wheel running free and fast, unimpeded by similar restrictions. Each year we have had promises that next year some economies would be effected in our national expenditure and public investment programmes, but our national expenditure continues to rise as do our public investments and taxes remain too high.

Export Trade — A Vital Need

Nearly everyone now realises the vital need to encourage our export trade, and I am glad to see that much thought is being given to ways and means of extending export credit guarantees and of helping our exporters who in many cases have now to give longer credit to their overseas buyers. We cannot afford to leave undone anything, large or small, that would encourage and facilitate our export trade, by which alone we can maintain and improve our standard of living.

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

He who seeks not to succeed
May have a common lot indeed.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Seldom is Man's work of years
Composed in honouring his Peers.
Frances Krusin

DEAN RUSK

He who would the Orient win
Must with China first begin.
Vera Telfer

JIMMY HILL

The golden fruit grows on the rich man's estate,
But the way to the orchard's by way of The Gate.
J. E. Cherry

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

He who would keep the common touch
Ap-peers not in Debrett or such.
Violet Palmer

FEDERICO FELLINI

The secret of la dolce vita?
Gin is sweet – Italian's sweeter.
Joan E. Pyle

MICHAEL FOOT

If too often you rock the boat
Others may drown – but will you float?
A.J.R.

It is no part of my design
To get the boot or toe the line.
Violet Palmer

Follow the way the Leek has cleft
With firm Foot and straight Left.
Doris Pulsford

ENID BAGNOLD

Though you may hate to think it's true,
I'm much afraid the joke's on you.
H. A. C. Evans

JOHN BETJEMAN

When is the public not averse to a verse?
If a poet's sufficiently prosy his future's rosy
June Langfield

My crystal ball ambiguously foretells
You will be summoned by a ring of belles.
W. R. Latham

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

We perceive the world with five senses, but chiefly by sight. For some days I have been observing and interpreting a countryside by ear. Conservative by nature, the shock of moving to another part of England after so long in the south-east seems to have been too much for me, and I became ill with the kind of sickness you get from eating lettuce in foreign parts, as if instead of going only to Devonshire I had gone to Port Said or China. Too weak to bother with reading I lay and listened. And so came to what pleases me as an explanation of the facts, that although sight be our master sense music is by so much our master art.

Spengler, the only victim of the 1914-18 Hun-hate who has still not been forgiven, has, in *Gestalt und Wirklichkeit*, a more entertaining theory because it also accounts for Gothic cathedrals and n-dimensional geometry. But the advantage of my theory is that you don't have to read Spengler. It seems to me, after listening for days first to an unseen urban parish and then to an unseen rural one, that whereas we can 'see for ourselves' almost perfectly – so that the unguided can rejoice in visions as I rejoiced in that of Dartmoor under a stipple of snow just before Christmas, readily composing my own landscapes, selecting and rejecting forms, and colours from the manifold offering of browns, purples, blues and greens all softened by white – we cannot 'hear for ourselves,' can do nothing with the elements which should compose an aural harmony or meaningful disharmony. So that the challenge to the musician to reveal patterns for us has been greater than the comparable challenge to the painter; and the response, *vide* Arnold Toynbee, consequently greater and nobler.

The best I could contrive were little phrases of music. There is a populous rookery in our new garden, in the top of an ancient black pine, and it became possible at dawn and dusk to make something of the rooks' crying, to extract a pattern by attending to some notes and not listening to others. But I could not marry this to the bleating of sheep on our neighbour's farm, nor to the lowing of a distressed cow, nor to the muffled thudding and growling of the arriving house decorators who have evidently decided to live with us for ever. Each simply interfered with the other. I could not do my own orchestration.

Not only did I fail to compose an aural landscape, but the sounds would not stay pure of vision in the sense that a visual landscape can remain pure of sound: the calls of the rooks forced me to picture them in flight; the lowing remained pure sound, but the noises of passing vehicles demanded interpretation – scooter? tractor? truck? As for the sheep, their voice has been for ever falsified in my ears, they will for ever cry 'Four legs *good*; two legs *better*'. The men's voices would not fit in as notes in a pattern: I was driven to distinguish them, to consider which it was that, after 9.30 elevenses – *le five-o'clock à toute heure* – would burst into an appalling selection of songs from grand opera rendered with much expression.

There was worse than this. While I was bed-ridden in town, my attention was absorbed by a curious noise which began at 6.30 a.m. and continued diminishing until seven, intermittent, a whine followed by a rising moan. A computer in pain? Not disagreeable, it was maddening because mysterious until I associated it with the clink of milk-bottles and deduced an electrical milk float. I knew not what I was changing it for by shifting sick quarters to the country. In the woods near the house a man began to cut up felled timber with a motor-saw. Oh, not the old saw-bench whose circular blade sings as sweetly as distant church bells. This newer, more convenient, tool is a two-stroke engine held by the handle and driving a chain-saw. Its noise is a high frequency series of percussions well above the threshold of pain. It forced me to picture the man operating it; then to hate his guts; then to devise atrocious slow deaths for him.

There's no relief in cursing machines so I cursed the mother who bore that good, industrious forester and prayed that the firm marketing that saw be soon involved in shameful bankruptcy. I have since withdrawn the curse with shame. And added fervour to the repetition of the prayer.

City Lights

TAURUS

Shipowners were annoyed by Cunard's demand for a subsidy and still more annoyed by its acceptance: the affair suggested not only that Cunard thought of itself as a special case but that the government agreed. Now, however, a few months later, Cunard has become a pioneer and a precedent. The whole British shipping industry has huddled together and produced a long survey of its condition to present to the Minister of Transport. The industry, it appears, can be saved from utter ruin only if the government is ready to protect it from the competition of road, rail and air, to discriminate back against foreign shipping, to provide further tax concessions, allow mass-emigration to Bermuda, and fork out a general subsidy. Other ailing industries are said to be awaiting the government's reaction with interest.

There is no doubt that shipping has its long-term problems. Many of them arise from the fact that other people refuse to honour the principles of free trade and open competition on which the British industry flourished in the past and to which, until this survey, it was still committed: flag discrimination is only a rude phrase for what has become common practice now that more and more small countries are long on patriotism and short of foreign exchange. There is little that can be done to reverse this trend, and the shipowners seem suddenly to have realised it. They have already squeezed a 40 per cent investment allowance out of the government and can scarcely hope for much more in that direction. Instead, they have decided to turn their backs on free trade and stalwart private enterprise, urging the government to discriminate, protect and subsidise.

Whether the somersault will do them much good is another question. The shipping industry may operate as a single lobby, but it is made up of diverse sections with diverse problems. It also comprises a surprisingly large number of firms, ranging from the very large to the very small, with a wide spread of efficiency – and the Union Castle-Clan Line merger is the only important recent example of rationalisation. No Tory government likes seeing another established industry throwing itself so completely on the mercy of the taxpayer – particularly since shipping, unlike cotton, shows no sign of being ready to contract, and the subsidy it wants is likely to be permanent.

* * *

Shipowners have long been used to assuming that their interests and the national interest are identical. The extent to which they have succeeded in cushioning themselves against the difficulties with which other firms have to deal is illustrated by the fact that shipping companies enjoy a special exemption (in the national interest) from publishing a true statement of profits and assets in their accounts. The leaders of the industry appeared before the Jenkins Committee on company law the other day to press for the retention of a privilege which most other people regard as an absurd anachronism; their evidence makes good reading. The chairman of Ellerman Lines, for example, blandly informed the committee: 'I think anybody who invests money in the shipowning industry is very brave, and as he is brave he will obviously place trust and confidence in the board'. The

COMPANY MEETING

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

MR A. W. TUKE'S ADDRESS

BOARD CHANGES

SAFEGUARDS AGAINST BANK RAIDS

The Annual General Meeting for the year 1961 of the Stockholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, 54, Lombard Street, London, EC3, on Wednesday 8 February 1961.

Capital Issued £40,862,828: Reserve Fund £23,500,000.

Current, Deposit and Other Accounts £1,727,870,499 (1959—£1,676,407,295).

Investments £293,950,193 (1959—£393,542,971).

Advances £767,138,793 (1959—£648,944,347).

Net Profit £5,452,143: (1959—£4,144,470).

The following is an extract from the address of the Chairman, Mr Anthony William Tuke, circulated to the Stockholders:

The Board have elected as a Vice-Chairman Mr L. E. D. Bevan, who has been a Director of the Bank since 1938 and whose family has been engaged in the affairs of the Bank in Lombard Street for almost two hundred years. Mr Bevan himself has always taken a very active part in our business, both at home and overseas, especially as a Local Director at Lombard Street and as Chairman of our subsidiary which operates in France. He is also Chairman of the National Provident Institution for Mutual Life Assurance.

Since our last Annual Meeting we have elected to the Board Sir Leslie Rowan, who, after a career of great distinction in the Treasury, joined the Board of Vickers Limited. We count ourselves fortunate indeed to have secured his services. We have, I am happy to say, suffered no diminution in our numbers during this period, but Lord Woolton, who is one of the directors retiring by rotation at the forthcoming meeting, has decided, on account of his age, not to seek re-election. It would be idle for me to attempt to add any lustre to Lord Woolton's high reputation and outstanding services to his Country, both in Commerce and in Government, and in his many philanthropic activities. Suffice it to say that when he leaves us we shall all feel that we have parted with a good friend and most wise counsellor.

Defence Against Robbery

The succession of attacks which have been made on our branches and their staffs, and, indeed, on members of the public in the course of their business to and from our branches, have given us cause for much concern. It is, however, necessary to keep a sense of proportion about these attacks. Serious though they all are, the successful attack seems to receive more publicity than the unsuccessful one, which may not even get into the Press because it has little news value. The fact is that the majority of these attempts are unsuccessful. Out of thirty-nine attacks made on the premises and staff of this bank during the past twelve years no less than twenty-nine, that is three out of four, were total failures. Even this year, the worst we have ever had, out of every three attacks only one has succeeded. There has been a good deal of loose talk and writing on these matters, and for a real understanding of the problems involved it is necessary to differentiate between the various kinds of attack. There is, first, the armed hold-up of the staff at a branch of a bank which takes place when the staff are in attendance. Secondly there is the attack upon the strong-rooms of a bank which is usually made during the hours of darkness or over week-ends. Lastly, there are the hit-and-run attacks which are made upon individuals in the street. The protection of our staff is our first concern, but our doors have to be open to the public, and against the sudden irruption of irresponsible thugs there can be no total safeguard. It is for this reason that we have recently taken out an insurance policy covering every member of our staff up to a sum of £10,000 against serious injury in the course of his or her duties. Many branches of the bank have long been fitted with alarms operated by human agency, and we are continually extending the provision of this method of defence. These alarms differ in their nature according to local circumstances. The old-fashioned ones ring bells in the street, but unfortunately we cannot rely upon some passer-by to take the initiative in giving the alarm. More recently we have installed, and are installing, new devices which give warning secretly in such a way as to lead to the identification and apprehension of the criminals. The fitting of these contrivances is continuing progressively, and their variety imports an element of surprise which in itself renders these operations more hazardous to the raider. So far as concerns our strong-rooms, we are constantly looking to the perfection of our defences in the knowledge of advances in the use of explosives and here also we are installing new automatic warning devices. Stockholders will not expect me to enlarge upon their nature beyond saying that they are all designed to give warning unawares and sufficiently early to prevent the would-be entrant from completing his plan. Inevitably this is involving us in a good deal of expense, but we are determined to do what we can by our own efforts to prevent this growing wave of crime. Public awareness, and the prompt reporting of suspicious movements, can help us immediately in this task.

There remains the question of the street raids and the problems involved in the transport of cash. We are anxious to do everything possible in co-operation with our customers to reduce the incidence of this risk, and there is much that can be done, for instance by using different branches for the collection of cash and by varying the days of the week on which the cash is collected. We are all disposed to think that it cannot happen to us. We need all to take more care and show more vigilance. In particular all concerned would do well to preserve a discreet silence, whether members of the staffs of the branches or others concerned in any way with the movements of cash. Our managers have already been instructed to work in the closest co-operation with the police, and in particular to keep them informed of any circumstances which might render a particular branch more vulnerable to attack. We can, of course, rely on the full co-operation of the police, but unfortunately many police forces are at present inadequate in numbers for the proper performance of their duties. Another aspect of the problem, and a most disturbing one, is that many of the participants in these attacks are still, in the eyes of the law, infants. One cannot avoid the conclusion that some parents do not take enough care nor exercise proper discipline in the upbringing of their families.

Copies of the Directors' Report and the full text of the Chairman's Address may be obtained from Barclays Bank, Limited, Room 154, 54, Lombard Street, London, EC3.

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★ **PROSPECTUS** post free from the Registrar,
70 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

A £300 Art Training Grant for boy or girl aged 15 or 16 is the principal award in the 1961 National Exhibition of Children's Art, organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

Write for details to: National Exhibition of Children's Art, Leaflet 'J', Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

Closing date for entries, 1st March, 1961

Read *an Interview with John Whiting* and *The Treatment of the Homosexual*
both in the current **ENCORE**
2/- from all booksellers or 12/- for 6 issues
from 41 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1

chairman of Furness Withy, however, disagreed with his colleague's contention that information not published in shipping accounts could be demanded at the company's annual meeting: 'There are a lot of questions asked at annual meetings which are merely asked, if I must say so, out of pure curiosity and have no other purpose. I think the best way to explain it is that it is a matter for the chairman at each individual meeting to deal with as he thinks best in the interest of the company and having regard to the type of shareholder asking the question. Personally, I have never experienced any difficulty on this particular matter.'

★ ★ ★

It is difficult not to sympathise with Fisons. Fertilisers, its main business, is no longer growing and it is anxious to develop its smaller but more promising interests in patent foods and pharmaceuticals. Last year, accordingly, it made bids for both Crosse & Blackwell and British Drug Houses; it lost the first to Nestlé and the second to a resourceful statement by the board about research into oral contraceptives. Now, changing its firm of City advisers, it has had another shot – a bid for Evans Medical which is unusually generous and should have had every chance of succeeding. But Glaxo, the giant of the pharmaceutical industry, has put in an even more generous counterbid which the directors of Evans have promptly decided to recommend to shareholders. Whether Fisons will go even higher has yet to be announced. The Glaxo offer is itself extraordinarily high – high enough to suggest that the pharmaceutical industry dislikes gate-crashers intensely. On the other hand, Fisons' new City advisers may be reluctant to recommend retreat: the house of Warburg is not used to losing.

Company News

Purnell, the Bristol printing firm which succeeded in getting control of *Waterlow* last year, has sold off the unprofitable banknote and stamp printing business to *De La Rue*.

All the Big Five banks have raised their dividends, three of them more than expected: the other two, *Lloyds* and *National Provincial*, are making scrip issues.

Howards, a small pharmaceutical firm which was involved in abortive bid negotiations last year, is now negotiating with an unnamed somebody else.

International Computers and Tabulators (the merger of British Tabulating and Powers-Samas) is raising £10¼m to repay loans; news of an ICI issue is still awaited.

The would-be third bidder for *Gorringes* has promised a bid and withdrawn the promise within 24 hours.

The Clore-Cotton combine is bidding £2½m for the *Manchester Royal Exchange*; and the *Bank of England* has published its first quarterly bulletin.

Radio Rentals is suffering a good deal less from credit restrictions than the TV manufacturers: the chairman has described current expansion as 'very satisfactory' and hopes this summer to branch out into renting refrigerators. *Dimplex* seems not to have been affected at all and is starting a night-shift on its radiator line; the price of the shares has almost trebled in 12 months.

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The Chess Board

No. 583 A Chance for the Youngsters

The Premier at Hastings wasn't particularly exciting, but it did serve the very useful purpose of giving our young players their far too rare opportunity of testing their strength against grandmasterly competition. They did surprisingly well, particularly Lloyd whose last round triumph over Szabo skyrocketed him into the prize-list, right alongside the grandmasters. But then, he had shown his mettle in the previous round when, under heavy positional pressure against Gligoric, he courageously sacrificed a pawn so as to steer the game into an ending which still involved a tough uphill struggle. But he did survive it to secure the draw he had been fighting for. Littlewood too did remarkably well, considering that this was his first international tournament. Here's one of his pretty combinations. /r5k1/1p3pqp/1p2p1p1/3r4/3b2Kt1/5RP1/4QP1P/4R1K1/.

1) RxP, KxR; 2) QxP ch, K-B1; 3) QxR, P-R4; 4) Kt-R6, QxKt; 5) QxB, Q-Kt2; 6) Q-Q6 ch, K-Kt1; 7) R-K7 etc.

The victim was Cafferty who has ample consolation in his draws against two grandmasters, to say nothing of the pleasing rather than mortifying might-have-been of a win against Bondarevsky. Here's the position shortly before the adjournment. /r7/2q3k1/3p2Pp/p1kt1p3/2P5/1P4P1/2BQ1PK1/R7/. Cafferty played 40) R-KR1 and after . . . R-KR1 he sealed 41) R-QR1, intending to test the winning line he had vaguely seen on his previous move. But Bondarevsky had done some homework too and countered . . . R-QKt1! which made the win rather more difficult. Actually a draw resulted, but on his 40th Cafferty could have won quite easily by P-QKt4!, Q-B3 ch; 41) K-Kt1, PxP; 42) RxR, QxR; 43) QxQP, Q-R2; 44) QxP ch etc. Bondarevsky played very solid but not particularly enterprising chess, but Sliwa gave him this chance of a brevity.

1) P-Q4, P-Q4; 2) P-QB4, P-K3; 3) Kt-QB3, B-K2; 4) Kt-B3, Kt-KB3; 5) B-Kt5, P-KR3; 6) B-R4, O-O; 7) PxP, KtxP; 8) BxB, QxB; 9) Q-Kt3 KtxKt; 10) QxKt, P-QKt3; 11) R-B1, B-R3; 12) P-Kt3, Kt-Q2; 13) B-Kt2, QR-B1; 14) Kt-Q2?, P-QB4; 15) Q-R3, PxP!; 16) RxR, RxR; 17) P-QKt4; and how now Black forced immediate resignation might serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

Both Clarke and Barden scored victories against Szabo and Sliwa respectively, and Green (who took grandmaster Cholmov's place on the spur of a moment) held Bondarevsky at bay in a gruelling struggle for a most creditable draw. Gligoric's ultimate triumph was never in any doubt; all his games were solid grandmasterly stuff, and he produced a novelty when defending a 2 Kt.Def.

1) P-K4 P-K4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3) B-B4, Kt-B3; 4) P-Q4, PxP; 5) O-O, KtxKP; 6) R-K1, P-Q4; 7) BxQP, QxB; 8) Kt-B3, Q-QR4; 9) KtxKt, B-K3; 10) B-Q2, Q-Q4.

So far it's all book, even Black's last move on which Gligoric spent as much as ninety minutes. What he had been considering so carefully was the sequel 11) B-Kt5, B-K2; 12) BxB, KxB; the idea being to play the King over to the Q-wing. That way—so Gligoric told us later—he wished to avoid the more obvious drawing lines.

For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win, are both pretty and not too difficult. Usual prizes. Entries by 23 January.

B: V. & M. Platov, 1911: /k7/8/B3P3/8/1K5b/8/4Kt2p/8/.

C: A. A. Troitzky: /1q6/2b2p1p/7k/8/1p1Q4/8/1K3B2/8/.

REPORT on No. 580. Set 24 December

A: 1) P=Kt!, B-Q3; 2) Kt-B2 would have won the Queen.

B: 1) Kt-QB3(QR3), P-QKt4; 2) KtxP, Kt-KB3; 3) KtxRP, Kt-K5; 4) KtxB, Kt-B6; 5) KtxP, P-QB3; 6) KtxP, Kt-Kt8; 7) KtxKt, R-R6; 8) KtxP, P-Kt4; 9) KtxB, Q-Q3; 10) KtxP, K-Q2; 11) KtxP, R-KR5; 12) KtxP, R-QB5; 13) KtxQ, K-B3; 14) KtxR, K-Kt4; 15) KtxR, K-R5; 16) KtxKt.

C: He takes back P-R4 and makes the move again, followed by . . PxP e.p.; 2) BxP mate.

D: 1) KtP=R ch; 2) KBP=R ch; 3) KP=R ch; 4) QP=R ch; 5) BP=R ch; 6) P=R ch; 7) R-R7 ch, QxR mate.

E: 1) R-R8, Q-Kt4! 2) Kt-B5 ch, K-B3; 3) R-R6 ch, K-K4; 4) R-K6 ch, K-Q4; 5) P-B4 ch!, QxP; 6) Kt-K3 ch, KxR; 7) KtxQ etc. (But both 1) P-B7? and 1) R-R7 ch fail to win.)

F: 1) Kt-B8, B-R4 ch; 2) K-Q3, Kt-Kt3; 3) KxP, KtxKt; 4) P-Kt6 ch, K-Kt5; 5) P-Kt7, Kt-Kt3!; 6) P=Kt! ! etc.

Quite a Marathon. Prizes: E. Allan, A. E. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, M. J. Trolan.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

MOTHER, children 5, 6, seeks part-time caretaking, babywatching family house, in return small low-rent flat. Wd decorate flat own expense. London. Barber, c/o Milner, 182 Finborough Road, SW10.

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SOLICITORS' Managing Clerk see under 'Appointments Vacant'.

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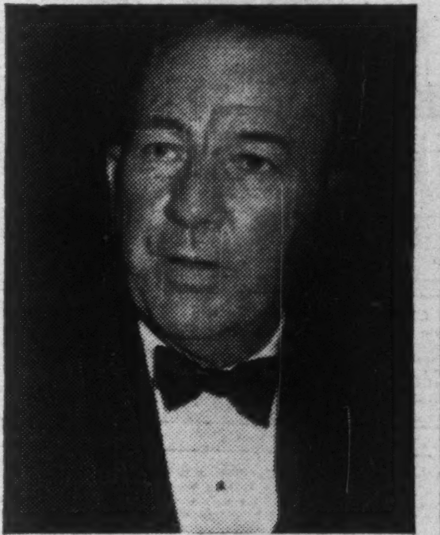
This Week
IN THE SUNDAY TIMES

Noël Coward

ATTACKS



TODAY'S THEATRE

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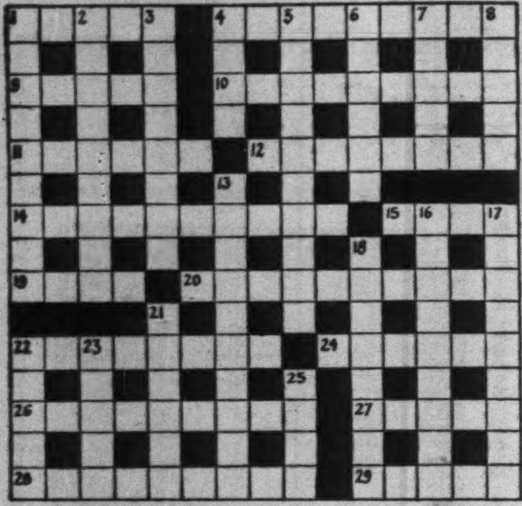

ACROSS

1. 'The lowest boughs and the brushwood ——' (Browning) (5).
4. Leaving land with half of them crying (9).
9. Place of the universal in the relative (5).
10. The puritan puts a slice in front of the teacher (9).
11. I grew a different insect (6).
12. The booby enters the examination for the densest (8).
14. Support a playing-field in an obscure place (10).
15. Don as a river (4).
19. Registration of which two are needed for the car (4).
20. A child from the camps, it grows up (10).
22. Homes with or without a broken gate (8).
24. The poor's are short and simple (6).
26. Utter confusion of word and thing (9).
27. It's my turn to bat before Jones (5).
28. Skiing movements leave a trace in the whirling sleet (9).
29. They show the passage of time, and in seconds (5).

DOWN

1. Time when tempers are about to be upset (9).
2. Ripe claim revised as a matter of experience (9).
3. Bird on fire with love (8).
4. 'I —— that I eat' (*A.Y.L.I.*) (4).
5. Oxford man cut short stony and looking embarrassed (10).
6. Make fewer concerning the leader (6).
7. Girl in dire need (5).
8. Disappear on the spot, although anxiously awaited (5).
13. Smuggler hides food in a town on the river (10).
16. There is nothing in a language at the end of hair removal (9).
17. Observes an animal rising from organic components (9).
18. Offices which make nice alterations in time (8).
21. The kind of grass to harm sheep (6).
22. Young man who is a rotter to start with (5).
23. Cloth which puts us in the climbing group (5).
25. I sit up at the end of an illness (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 438

L	I	S	P	S	■	R	I	G	M	A	R	O	L	E
I	■	P	■	O	■	E	■	I	■	M	■	S	■	R
F	L	A	S	H	E	S	■	G	R	A	M	M	A	R
E	■	N	■	R	■	T	■	I	■	T	■	A	■	O
S	U	N	B	A	T	H	E	■	K	E	E	N	E	R
A	■	E	■	B	■	A	■	S	■	U	■	L	■	■
V	E	R	A	■	T	R	I	P	A	R	T	I	T	E
E	■	■	■	O	■	R	■	E	■	S	■	■	■	V
R	I	N	G	P	L	O	V	E	R	■	L	A	N	E
■	■	O	■	E	■	W	■	D	■	U	■	B	■	R
S	O	W	I	N	G	■	P	L	A	N	K	I	N	G
L	■	H	■	C	■	H	■	I	■	E	■	G	■	R
A	V	E	R	A	G	E	■	M	A	S	S	A	G	E
N	■	R	■	S	■	R	■	I	■	C	■	I	■	E
G	R	E	A	T	C	O	A	T	■	O	R	L	O	N

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Apply Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

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Applications are invited for the post of SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST at the above hospital and its Community Psychiatric Service, which includes a Child Guidance Clinic. The successful applicant will need to have a wide experience in clinical psychology, and will be required to work both at the Hospital and the Child Guidance Clinic.

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Forms and details from Children's Officer (E.1/S/7/1), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

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Applications are invited from experienced and qualified Psychiatric Social Workers for the post of Tutor in Social Work at the above Hospital. The successful applicant will have to train qualified psychiatric nurses in social work. The purpose of the scheme is to train staff in social service to patients both after a stay in hospital and while attending as out-patients at clinics or day hospital. The salary will be on the scale £845-£1,065 per annum according to experience and Whitley conditions of service will apply.

Applications in writing giving age and experience together with the names of two referees to be sent to the Hospital Secretary, Hill End Hospital, St Albans, Herts by 27 January 1961.

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Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist (basic or senior grade according to experience). Whitley Council salary and conditions. Part of the work will involve participation in a research project to investigate the behaviour changes in severely emotionally disturbed children. Training in child psychotherapy an advantage, but not essential. Applications giving names of two referees to Dr George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge, by 1 February 1961.

OXFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited – (i) from single or married women for the post of warden of a hostel for 12 working girls in Oxford. Salary £670 x 25(1) x 30(2) to £755, less £120 per annum for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for qualifications. The husband of a married applicant would be expected to be employed elsewhere but would receive free board and lodging in return for duties at evenings and weekends.

(ii) for the post of Assistant Warden of the same hostel: salary £550 x £25 to £650 less £120 for board and lodging plus additl payment for qualifications. Both posts are superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms from the Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford.

WRITER reqs Secretary aged under 35, theatrical secretarial experience useful. Please apply in writing fully to Box 9664.

ESSEX
CLACTON-ON-SEA COUNTY YOUTH AND DAY RELEASE CENTRE

Full - time DEPUTY WARDEN (Woman) required. Duties will include some teaching of general subjects and supervision of part-time day release classes. Ability to teach shorthand and typing would be an advantage. Preference will be given to candidates possessing either Degree, Teachers' Certificate or Social Science Diploma and having experience in teaching and/or Youth Work. Salary (from 1.4.1961) £520 x £27 10s. to £1,000 per annum, plus equivalent of Burnham graduation and training allowances, and increments for previous approved experience. Forms and details from Divisional Education Officer, Park Road, Colchester.

ESSEX
COUNTY YOUTH SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of UNATTACHED YOUTH WARDEN for duties as required at the Committee's Youth Centres, and to assist particularly in the development of the service.

Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Certificate/Diploma or Teacher's Certificate, and must have had experience in Youth work or teaching.

Salaries in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz: £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 p.a. plus a special non-pensionable travelling allowance of £40 p.a. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. Previous comparable experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary.

Further details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date: 23 January 1961.

Applications received in response to previous advertisements will be reconsidered.

CROWLEY HOUSE FAMILY REHABILITATION CENTRE

Vacancy will occur shortly for the post of WARDEN of Crowley House, a small Family Rehabilitation Centre started in 1956 taking up to six families. Post offers exceptional opportunities for working closely with families who have multiple problems and scope to develop this experimental piece of intensive casework. Warden is supported by full and experienced staff. Crowley House is under management of an independent Trust and is a modern building with newly completed staff wing situated in own grounds in attractive district. Applications are invited from women who have already held posts of responsibility in social work. Good salary offered. Married couples are also welcome to apply and special arrangements including house could be made to suit them.

Further information and forms of application from: The Secretary, Crowley House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

The Birches, New Road, Bromsgrove (12 beds)

Wanted as resident Deputy Warden for Girls' Hostel (15 to 18 years), a domesticated woman with real interest in adolescent girls and ability to understand their problems and guide them in their leisure pursuits.

Knowledge of cooking, needlework and housecraft desirable and residential experience an advantage.

Salary £420 x £20 to £535 less £120 for board and lodging. Appointment superannuable.

Apply to Children's Officer, 28 Foregate Street, Worcester, stating age, experience and names and addresses of 2 referees, within 14 days of this advertisement. (H.151).

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Working Boys' Hostel, Field View, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove (15 beds)

Wanted, married couple (resident) as Assistants to Warden and Matron. Residential experience and/or Child Care Certificate an advantage.

Salaries within range £475 to £600 according to age, qualifications and experience.

Applications to Children's Officer, 28 Foregate Street, Worcester, giving details of age, qualifications, experience, etc., and names and addresses of 2 referees, within 14 days of this advertisement. (H.167).

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Palmerston North University College. Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The Lecturer will be primarily responsible for the teaching of French Reading Knowledge to internal students at the College and for providing certain extra-mural tuition. He will be responsible for building up the Library holdings in French. The salary will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within specified limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 28 February 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The appointee will be mainly concerned with developing the work of the Department in the field of educational and mental measurement, research methods, and educational statistics. The work will bring him into close contact with the school system, and the New Zealand Council for Educational Research. The salary will be £1,750 per annum, rising by annual increments to £2,000 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within specified limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 28 February 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The salary will be £1,750 per annum, rising by two annual increments of £100 and one increment of £50 to £2,000 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 28 February 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A29 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 4 March 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. University College of Townsville. Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the University College of Townsville. Applicants should have qualifications in Educational Psychology and/or History and Philosophy of Education. Teaching experience is essential. The salary ranges are £A1,830/£A2,330 per annum for Lecturer and £A2,520/£A2,870 for Senior Lecturer plus a Northern Allowance of £A30 per annum. The successful applicant will enjoy the privileges of Superannuation, Study Leave, Travel Grants and other benefits available to the University Staff. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 January 1961.

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for both pre and after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accomm. & clerical assistance available. Scope for individual interest in this developing field of psychiatric social work. There is an establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers and a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Casework consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Established. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 3 February. (Quote F.215 NS).

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Department of English. Applications are invited for a Lectureship/Assistant Lectureship in the Department of English of the University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. The post is tenable from or before the beginning of the 1961 academic year, in May 1961, but candidates who will not be available until after that date may also apply. Candidates should have a good Honours degree or equivalent qualification in English Literature. The salary for a Lecturer is £1,148 x 49– 1,442/1,540 x 56 – £1,820 and for an Assistant Lecturer £1,001 x 49 – 1,099. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. First class sea passages are provided for the appointee and his family and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Kuala Lumpur and London, on 10 February 1961.

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applications are invited for post of Senior Lecturer in Social Administration who will be responsible, under the general direction of the Professor of Government, for planning and supervising new two-year Diploma Course in Social Work, to be instituted in October 1961; and for teaching such undergraduate courses in Social Administration as may be introduced. Salary scale (under review) £1,500 x 75 – £2,250 p.a. Entry point determined by qualifications and experience. Child allowance. FSSU. Unfurnished acommodation at rental of 10% of basic salary. Up to five full passages on appointment, normal termination and on study leave (once every 3 years). Detailed applications (six copies) naming 3 referees by 10 February 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates or holders of a suitable professional qualification for a post as Tutor in the Department of Social Administration. The duties are concerned with the National Training Scheme for Hospital Administrators and experience of administrative training schemes will be an advantage. The appointment will be for three years in the first instance and the salary will be within the scale £800 x £50 to £950 or £1,050 x £50 to £1,550 (merit bar-line) x £75 to £1,850 according to experience and qualifications. Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, to whom applications should be submitted by 31 January 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Director of a post-graduate course leading to a Diploma in Youth Work, which is to be instituted by the University in the session 1961-2. The post will have the status of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in the University. Preference will be given to candidates who are interested in developing research in this field. Salary scales per annum; Lecturer £1,050-£1,850; Senior Lecturer £1,925-£2,325. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 8 February 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics. Candidates should have teaching and research interests in one of the following fields: econometrics, input – output analysis, linear programming and related techniques, decision theory. Duties to commence as soon as possible. The salary scale is as follows: – £800 x £50 to £950 per annum. Membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications must be sent not later than 31 January 1961, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to Political and Social Theory). Salary scale £800-£950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 4 February 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers preferably with social science qualification required for appointment as assistant mental welfare officers to work as members of teams of mental health social workers in the nine health divisions of the county under immediate direction of divisional mental welfare officer. Duties comprise community care of mentally disordered of all types and ages and provide good opportunities 'for individual case work. Good promotion prospects. £700-£940, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Married women eligible. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/N/4/1), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 30 January.

LONDON County Council. Approved School After Care. Child welfare officer required for duties in connection with the after-care of boys on licence and under supervision from Mile Oak School (junior approved school accom. 80 boys aged 8 to 12) in Sussex. Successful candidate will be based at an Area Children's Office in London but will work under immediate direction of the headmaster. Legal responsibility for the after-care is vested in School Managing Committee. Candidates should have previous experience of child care (including case-work with families) or of allied social work. Possession of Home Office certificate in child care or other appropriate qualification an advantage. Ability to drive desirable. Loan may be available in appropriate case to assist successful officer to purchase car. Commencing salary within scale £740-£1,060 according to qualifications and experience. Form (returnable by 31/1/61) and details from Children's Officer, (D.1/N/3362/1), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

LONDON County Council. Senior Mental Welfare Officer (man or woman), preferably holding social science qualifications, required for duties under Mental Health Act, 1959, as member of divisional mental health social worker team and to undertake night and weekend duty on rota basis at County Hall. £940-£1,300, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/N/3/1), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 30 January.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, SW1. Psychiatric Social Worker (female) needed, qualified or fully experienced, for work with adults and children, Out-Patients and In-Patients. NHS salary scale. Hospital may be visited by arrangement. Applications with names of two referees to Assistant Secretary.

THE Hospital for Sick Children, Gt Ormond St, London, WC1. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Dept of Psychological Medicine. Applicants should have had experience in child guidance clinics. Salary according to Whitley Council agreement. Forms of application, which must be returned not later than 28 Jan. 1961, may be obtained from the House Governor.

OAKWOOD Hospital, Maidstone, Kent. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Warden (resident or non-resident) for modern nurses Home at the above Hospital. Age not more than 45 years. Knowledge of home nursing desirable. Salary £403 x £17(3) to £454 subject to a deduction of £164 per annum for residential accommodation. Eighteen days annual leave plus Bank Holidays. Applications in writing, giving age, exp. and the names of 2 persons for reference to be sent to the Matron.

COUNTY Borough of Barrow-in-Furness. Children's Committee. Appointment of Assistant Children's Officer. Applications are invited for the above appointment from women who have appropriate qualifications and wide experience of the work of a local authority children's department. Salary in accordance with APT Grade III i.e. £960-£1,140 plus allowance for the use of car. Housing accommodation and car purchasing scheme available if required. Assistance given with removal expenses and subsistence allowances payable if appropriate. Applications to be made on forms obtainable from E. S. Oswald, Children's Officer, 52 Paradise Street, Barrow-in-Furness, and returnable to me by 6 February 1961. Lawrence Allen, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Barrow-in-Furness.

CLUBS Adviser. Pioneer three-year appointment with National Old People's Welfare Council for man or woman with suitable experience to help develop clubs and leisure time activities for the elderly. Bursary available for extra training period for applicants without experience which includes adequate maintenance allowance. Adviser must be prepared to drive and will be initially based on NW England. Salary £850-£900 plus travelling expenses if own car. £800-£850 if car provided. S.a.e. marked 'Clubs Adviser' for further particulars and application form to National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Closing date 1 February 1961.

MARYPORT Boys' Club. Applications are invited from suitably experienced men with initiative for the post of full-time leader for Maryport Boys' Club. The club will shortly be extending its existing premises and the person appointed will be expected to develop activities considerably. The club is affiliated to the National Association of Boys' Clubs. Salary will be paid in accordance with experience within the scale of £520 x £27 10s. to £850 per annum. Application forms can be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from Mr F. G. Fisher, 19 Christian Street, Maryport, and should be returned when completed to Mr Fisher not later than 27 January 1961.

THE British Epilepsy Association requires (a) Book-keeper Accountant able to take full responsibility and give some supervision to running a small office. Salary to be negotiated: not less than £750. (b) Secretarial assistant to the Welfare Secretary. Good shorthand typing essential. Previous help in social workers office would be an advantage. Salary £500-£600. Apply General Secretary, British Epilepsy Association, 27 Nassau Street, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited from graduates between the ages of 35 and 45 for the post of Assistant General Secretary (Administration). Salary to the range £1,050-£1,350 according to experience. Applications, with names of two referees, to the General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St, Ldn, W1

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead. Active retired nurse also considered. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Please apply to the Matron, Otto Schiff House, 14 Netherhall Gardens, NW3.

LIAISON Officer (preferably West Indian) required by the Willesden International Friendship Council to assist the integration of coloured citizens and to organise community facilities for them in the Borough of Willesden. Salary within scale £855 to £1,000. Application forms from Hon. Secretary, WIFC, Town Hall, Dyne Rd, NW6.

ST DUNSTAN'S (for men and women blinded on war service) has Resident Vacancy for lady, 25/40, for Reading, Escort and Social Duties. Pleasant single accommodation. Applications, in writing only please, to Matron, St Dunstan's, Ovingdean, Brighton.

WARDEN (women 30/45) required March. Hostel Central London, 325 residents, 17/25 years (international). Administrative experience essential. 6 weeks holiday. Apply Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1.

A VOLUNTARY organisation Baker Street area requires female chief clerical assistant for busy section. Must be efficient typist with fair shorthand. Work mainly correspondence and records, but requires an understanding approach to organisation's relations with voluntary helpers. Salary £572 p.a., pension scheme. Write fully Box 9669.

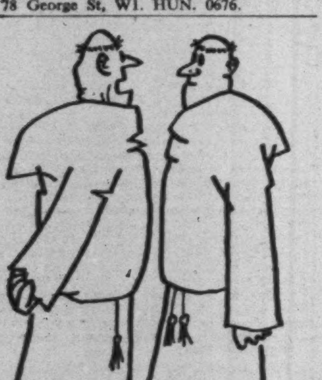
THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering requires Information Assistant with honours degree or similar qualification in Engineering or Agriculture and a knowledge of languages. Duties involve mainly abstracting from technical literature; ability to write concise English is essential. Starting salary according to age and experience in scale £690-£1,144. Superannuation scheme. Further details and application forms from Secretary, NIAE, Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

CREATIVE Public Relations executive with keen writing ability wanted for expanding Public Relations Consultants. Technical, industrial and profile experience an advantage. 5 day week. Salary commensurate with experience. Excellent prospects. Write with full details of career and stating salary desired to Box 9653.

TRANSLATOR/Precis Writers in English. The United Nations will hold examinations for English Translators/Precis Writers in New York, London and Geneva on 27 and 28 March 1961. Candidates must be nationals of UN member states whose mother tongue is English and who have university education or experience. Excellent English, thorough knowledge of French and Spanish or Russian is required. For details and application form, write before 13 February 1961 to: Personnel Division, United Nations, Room 252 (English Translators Examination), Palais des Nations, Geneva.

NEW secretarial training college requires personal assistant for director to be responsible initially for organisation during preparatory stages. Must be capable of interviewing students, handling correspondence, and taking decisions on day-to-day routines. This position would appeal to a mature person with young ideas. Salary not less than £600 p.a. Age minimum 30. Box 9796.

ASSISTANT Cashier with knowledge of book-keeping. West End. Salary £12 plus Luncheon Vouchers. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.



'As a matter of fact some of my best friends are priests!'

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

BRITISH Institute of Management. Appointment of private secretary to Head of Management Services Division. In addition to a high standard of shorthand and typing, candidates should have a good educational background and administrative ability. Previous experience is desirable. Age 21-35. Salary according to qualifications. 5-day week, 3 weeks holiday, luncheon vouchers. Applications with full particulars to: Staff Officer, Management House, 80 Fetter Lane, EC4.

MEDICAL publishers require competent shorthand-typist with good educational background, age about 19/20, to assist director's secretary and to take charge of section of correspondence. Interesting and varied work involving filing and keeping records as well as correspondence. Hours 9-5.30, no Saturdays, two weeks' holiday. Good starting salary with regular increases. Telephone TEMple Bar 3386.

AMENITY Organisation with 12,000 members has a vacancy for a Secretary/Shorthand Typist. Applicants should have speeds of 120/60, previous experience in the preparation of reports, committee agenda and minutes, and be able to assist in the compilation of 'copy' for publications. State age, education, career and present salary in writing to the Ramblers Association Ltd, 48 Park Road, Baker Street, NW1, and mark envelope 'TS/SEC'.

ASSISTANT Editor for Cookery Books. Applicant should have a thorough knowledge of international cookery and of household management, plus editorial experience. An interesting post in a rapidly expanding programme of work. Box 9719.

ASSISTANT Editor for Children's Books. An enthusiastic specialist required for work on a wide range of titles. Should be capable of seeing a book right through from commissioning stage to the press. Box 9720.

A SECRETARY/personal assistant is required as a support and insulator for the general manager of a large printing factory in East Anglia. She must be a mature young woman, well-educated and very much alive, with initiative and drive; pleasant and humane but also firm and even tough when necessary, and with common sense above all. Past experience in the printing or a related industry would be a help but is not essential. This is a responsible job which will provide a wide field of activity and interest to a person of high calibre who can put up with the dullness of the town. A good salary with pension scheme and a flat are offered. First interviews will be in London where the firm has an office. Box 9768.

HOUSEMASTER'S Assistant to care for boys age 11-14, including help with prep. Independent Primary and Secondary (Grammar) School. Also Assistant Housemistress. Apply Housemaster, Wynstones, Brookthorpe, Gloucester. Tel. Painswick 3240.

SOLICITORS' Managing Clerk or clerk with legal experience required, Central London small firm, varied and interesting practice. Box 9560.

LONDON home and salary offered to active woman willing to help disabled mother with children (3½ and 18 months). Would suit someone 35-55, looking for home with opportunities to develop own interests or part-time job in London. Own rooms (furn) in comfortable house with garden. One child welcome. Please write with full details to Mrs David Holt, 2 Hampstead Hill Gardens, London, NW3.

ST DUNSTAN'S requires the services of two capable young ladies with good shorthand and typewriting speeds in the Welfare Department at Headquarters in London. The salary and conditions are very reasonable but only persons who place service before salary should apply to the General Welfare Superintendent, St Dunstan's, 191 Marylebone Rd, London, NW1.

BI-LINGUAL French/English translator-typist, male or female, required. Please write Miners' International Federation, 75 Blackfriars Road, SE1.

SHORTHAND-Typists (age 21-45 years) required in Westminster District. Commencing salary £11 8s. per week rising to £11 18s. per week after six months. Five-day (35 hour) week. Contributory Pension Scheme, good holidays, etc. Write giving age and partics. of experience to Box 9608.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SHORTHAND-typists and juniors required; 5-day week; good salary scales; superannuation; canteen. Applications to Trades Union Congress, 23/28 Great Russell Street, London, WC1.

DE GAULLE wins the vote – you can win a job through the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

COLOURED young man, MA (Oxon), D.Phil. (Oxon), exp. historical research, organisation, sks work, long-term/short-term. Good references. Box 9705.

YOUNG man, good education and appearance, with sound business exper., sks intg position at home or abroad. Box 9730.

CAMBRIDGE grad. (f.), linguist, seeks part-time work, translns etc. Box 9740.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

GENTLEMAN 31, seeks position where accountancy background, flair for organisation & sense of responsibility are required. Perfect French. Box 9580.

INTELL. young woman sks int. part-time work, arts, political, social, publicity. Expd secretary, fluent French. FLA. 2782.

FELLOWSHIP

UNIVERSITY of London. Leon Fellowship. Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1961-62. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £800 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University, but they are expected to put forward a programme of research of an advanced character and to produce evidence that they can carry it out. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Deputy Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, WC1, and applications for the Fellowship must be received not later than 3 February 1961.

SCHOLARSHIPS & GRANTS

SCHOLARSHIPS ABROAD 1961-62

Applications are invited from British students for scholarships offered by Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Iceland, Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. The awards are mainly for university graduates and undergraduates and are tenable for periods varying from a few weeks to twelve months during the academic year 1961-62. Full particulars and application forms, for which a stamped (3d.) self-addressed adhesive label should be sent, are obtainable from The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1, or from any British Council office in the United Kingdom.

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above Studentships and Grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 28 February 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics and forms of application may be obtained.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Three Open Scholarships ranging from £150 per annum to £50 per annum will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February 1961, for girls between the ages of 12 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset (Co-educational). A scholarship of £105 a year is offered for September 1961. Girls between the ages of 9 and 14 are eligible. Prelim. selection during February by interview. Final selection end of March. For further particulars write to Principal.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

PERSONAL Accommodation Services Ltd always have available a wide selection of top quality, personally inspected flats, flatlets and bed/sitters at rental under ten guineas in Hampstead and surrounding districts. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FOR 3/4 months, secy (26) sks flatmate, Golders Green. 3 gns. SPE. 8092.

A GOOD-sized well-appointed bed-sitting room in lge flat v. central, suit business gentleman. 4½ gns. p.w. AMB. 2910.

SINGLE b/s., h. & c., ckg facs, crockery, bed linen. 3 gns p.w. TUDor 0516.

NORTH Islington, large newly decorated room, share k. & b., offered girl 20-30. £3 p.w. inc. heating. Box 9732.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sit. rm in s/c. flat: TV, gdn, for business lady. £4. Menelik Rd, NW2. HAM. 2359.

FURN. flatlet private house Highgate. Own small gdn if wantd. £3 10s. incl. light; some service. Gilbert, MOU. 9906.

SWISS Cott. Lge b/s. for one. K., b., piano. Priv. hse. PRI. 5947 morns.

LARGE bed-sitter, cooker and deep sink, use 'phone. 2 gns. VAN. 6728.

TWO young women reqd to share large Hampstead flat with two others. £2 12s. 6d. p.w. each. 'Phone KIL. 0556 evgs.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

YNG prof./bus. woman share attract. mod. furn. flat Ealing Com. Box 9655.

ROOM Regency house adjacent Holland Pk avail. man early 60's. PARk 5530.

SINHALESE, cultural, humanitarian interests, offers share spacious, well-kept double bed-sit., kitchen, Ealing, with gentleman, 40-50. Box 9789.

BLOOMSBURY, attractive newly furn. and decorated double bed-sitter and kitchen, fully equipped, share bathroom. 6 months or longer. 6 gns p.w. Box 9675.

LARGE flat Shepherds Bush vacant for Feb., March, April. Dining/kit, recep., bedrooms: 2 double, 1 single, bath. 12 gns p.w. Write with tel. No. Box 9747.

NEWLY decorated bed-sitter, St John's Wood. Lady. Tel.: MAI. 6789.

GOLDERS Green. Charming warm bed-sit., use kitch., etc. 4 gns inc. htg, light. HOL. 0618 or 38 St John's Rd, NW11.

MUSWELL Hill; 7 mins Tube. Double rm & kit., c.h.w. 2 ladies. TUD. 0651.

NW2, Mapesbury Rd. Own entrance: s/c. furn. b/s., ckg facils, gas fire. £2 10s. Business lady/gentleman. WIL. 2413.

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HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny two-rmd flat, fine view. Employed lady. TUD. 8160.

FURN. garden flat, 2 lge rms, kit., bath-rm, Holland Park/200 yds Kensington High St. From Feb. 10 gns p.w. Evgs/weekends KNI. 2546 or WES. 9059.

FURN. attract. sgle rm, newly-conv., share k. one other. £3. PUT. 5131.

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BIOCHEMIST (f.) reqs semi/unfurn. flat, sep. kitchen, central heating and 'phone. WC1 area. Box 9647.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.76

IVS (P) Reunion on 4 February. All wartime Relief Team Members and long-term volunteers warmly invited. Come yourself, inform others. Details: 72 Oakley Square, NW1. EUSton 3195.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696 Fri. 20 Jan., 8 p.m. Dr A. Pyman: 'Alexander Blok'.

ROY Brooks invites you to hear James Cameron speak on 'The Dwindling Freedom of the Press' followed by Discussion. Fri. 20 Jan. 7.30-10 p.m. Bonnington Hotel (Princess Suite), Southampton Row, WC1. Adm. free. Bar. A very important matter for thinking people.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 15 Jan. The Freudian Ethic by R. T. La Piere: Kathleen Nott. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 17 Jan. The New US President Takes Office: Problems and Prospects, H. L. Beales, MA. Open Discussion.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Dr L. Delgado: 'Lincoln or Lenin for the Uncommitted?' 8.30. Fri. 20 Jan. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

'THE Logic of Theosophy'. Public lecture, 15 January, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 15 Jan. 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'The Mature Personality': H. J. Blackham.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 18 Jan., 6.30 p.m. 'Who do you think you are?' Mr D. Gold. Sat. 21 Jan. at 3 p.m. the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Also Tues. 17 Jan., 6.30 p.m. Beginners' Class (first of six fortnightly lessons), open to all. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

REMINDER! Discussion Courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin at 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1 on Tues. & Thurs. 17 and 19 Jan. from 7 to 9 p.m. Nominal fee for course 5s. Enrol on opening nights. For details of classes in other areas 'phone VIC. 4266.

SCR: Sergei Antonov will speak (in Russian) on Soviet Literature, Sat. 14 Jan., 5 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
Department of Extra-Mural Studies
29 March-6 April Study Tour
ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN HOLLAND
Tutor: G. McTague

22-29 July Residential course at Malton
THE HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE MEDIEVAL VILLAGE
Professor M. W. Beresford
J. G. Hurst

Details from the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Leeds 2.

POSTGRADUATE TRAINING IN EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY
1961-62

The Selection Committee invite applications for a three term training for psychologists at certain Child Guidance Clinics in London.

Applicants must be over 25 years and must have an Honours Degree in Psychology, or equivalent psychological qualification, together with teaching experience. Grants may be available to suitably qualified candidates. It is open to Local Authorities to second staff under Circular 160 of the Ministry of Education.

Further particulars, with form to be returned by 31 January 1961, from the National Association for Mental Health (Education Department), 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

THE Blues – an American Negro Folk Music. The first of a series of 7 lectures on American Jazz by Paul Oliver to be given at 4-weekly intervals, will take place at the Auditorium of the American Embassy on Tuesday, 17 January, at 6.30 p.m. Upper Brook Street entrance. Admission free.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'The Three Dimensions of Freedom'; (ii) 'The Problem of Political Elites' will be delivered by Professor C. J. Friedrich (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on 24 and 26 January at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Adm Free, Without Tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. University Extension Course of 10 lectures. 'The Arts in the Victorian Era'. Mondays, 8-9.30 p.m. beginning 16 Jan. Lecturers: William Gaunt, Marc Girouard, Graham Shankland. Fee for the course 15s. Enrolment forms available from the above address or any Kensington Library.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LECTURE COURSES etc.—continued

RUSSIAN Life & Literature – F. Samson BA. WEA Course of 12 weekly lectures starting Thursday 19 Jan. 7 p.m. at 28 Woburn Sq., WC1. Members 9s. 6d.; non-mems 14s. 1st meeting without obligation.

SWEDEN To-day. The Secretary. Simultaneous weekend courses. 18/19 February. Inclusive fee each course 2 guineas. Details from Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

SOVIET Industrial Planning & Management. Seminar by M. Y. Volkov (Moscow Instit. World Economics), 28/29 Jan., at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W8. Details from SCR (WES. 1572).

SPAIN: Holiday Course at Cordoba 19 March-23 April. Holy Week & Excursions to Seville Feria & Granada. 4 hrs tuition p. day, full b. & lodging: £8 p. wk. Also Spanish classes in London. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, WC2. TEM. 2202.

EXTENSION Universitaire de Paris. Semaines d'études françaises: Two short courses of intensive studies in Edinburgh (4-9 April) and in Oxford (11-16 April). Further information from UK Secretary, 35 Derrymore Rd, Willerby, Hull (Sorbonne, Cours de Civilisation française).

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 16 January. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11,000 volumes. Courses at the Spanish universities. For full details apply to the Secretary, SLOane 8381.

TRAIN to become a teacher. A full-time non-residential 3-year course of training for teaching in primary schools is offered in Westminster from September next, to men and women over the age of 20 who have at least five passes at GCE 'O' Level. Candidates with special qualifications and experience will be considered for a 2-year course of training. In addition, there will be 2-year and 3-year courses for potential teachers of domestic subjects in secondary schools. Normally, tuition will be free, travelling expenses will be paid and there will be maintenance and personal grants. Applications from married women will receive special consideration. Enquiries (a postcard with your name and address will suffice) to EO/FE/DTC/, County Hall, SE1. No 'phone calls, please.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write to Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

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EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

EXPERIMENTAL Art Work. Painter, ARCA, proposes to start a course of 12 weekly lessons in experimental drawing and painting on 18 January, with a group of four persons. Anyone interested ring MOU. 3381.

LECTURE COURSES etc.—continued

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

PAINTING as a Pastime, Mary Law, exhibitor at the RA and Paris Salon. Small classes. Phone WILlesden 6025.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

LCS Education Department, Theatre Workshop, Workers Music Association, are working in conjunction to provide an unusual and inspiring holiday at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, 24 June/1 July 1961. Three courses, Music, Theatre, and Social Problems, at £6 per week inc. Full details before 13 Feb. from LCS Education Dept (NS), 13 Soho Sq, W1.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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London, W8. Western 1517.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'THIS new man is the biggest problem of our time. Politicians and statesmen are so much annoyed without knowing what to do with him.' Who is this new man? Tom Mboya, Castro or Kennedy? Read the sensational 'New Ideas on the March' only 2s. 9d. from JP, 133 Drummond St, NW1.

THE Great Debate on foreign policy and defence at Scarborough is now available in pamphlet form from The Labour Party Bookshop, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1. Price 9d. (by post 1s. 1d.)

'SURVIVAL', the indispensable bi-monthly journal for everyone concerned with strategy, disarmament and security. Reprints and condensations of significant articles, facts and statements, Soviet and Western. Now reduced in price to £1 8s. a year, 5s. a copy. Order direct from the Institute for Strategic Studies, 18 Adam Street, London, WC2.

ZWEMMERS Book Sale begins Sat. 14 Jan. – 50% and more off new books – open until 6 p.m. 72-78 Charing X Rd, WC2.

THE following are the contents of January 'Plebs': 'Europe in Council' by Paul Adam; 'The Press – A Messenger Boy's Memories' by Harry Short; 'This Wicked World' by J. P. M. Millar; 'On Management' by Eric Moonman; Do You Know?; Pars from the Press; 'The Dead End' by Alistair Borthwick; 'What is Africa Year? – II' by Graham Horsman; 'An Outline of Economic Geography' by J. F. Horrabin; Plebs Forum; NCLC News; Plebs is 6d; by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year from the NCLC, Tillicoultry.

RECENT edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica for sale. Bound half red leather. Cost approx. £150. Absolutely as new. Open to reas. offer. Rawlinson, 133 Sweet Briar, Welwyn Garden City 6117.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

FRENCH books. Ask for our catalogue of new and second-hand books. Librairie Française, R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham Street, SW1. VIC. 1583.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

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ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany. Pension Yvonne. From 36s. (June 31s.). Mod. comfs. Seaviews. Sands. Illus. Leaflet.

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20 Jan. at 7.30	La Bohème

THE ROYAL BALLET

17 Jan. at 7.30	Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote (Pas de deux), Façade
19 Jan. at 7.30 & 21 Jan. at 2.15	Le Lac des Cygnes

Box Off. Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TERminus 1672

17 & 21 Jan. at 7.0	Tannhäuser
18 Jan. at 7.30	Tosca
19 Jan. at 7.30	Die Fledermaus
20 Jan. at 7.30	Cinderella (La Cenerentola)

OPERA Circle. 'Orpheus' by Gluck: excerpts by artists from Covent Garden Opera. Sun. 29 Jan., 8 p.m. 4 St James's Sq., SW1. 8s. 6d. Details: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

IN-STAGE: 'Schrecks' by Murray Schisgal. An Evening of Hysteria. 'A powerful talent . . an excellent group' New Statesman. Sundays at 7.30. 9 Fitzroy Square, W1. Admission Free. Res. CHA. 5037.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30, Sat. 5.0, 8.15, Thurs. 2.30. Shelagh Delaney's 'The Lion in Love'. 'I would not have missed a minute of this fine play', Bernard Levin, Daily Express.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. Last week. Evgs 8.0, 'Progress to the Park'. Daily Mat. only 2.15, 'Tom Sawyer'.

TOWER, N1. CAN. 3475 (9-6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). 7.30 12-14, 19-21 Jan.: 'The Silver Curlew'. Mats 14, 21 Jan. at 2.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. New musical, 'Misadventures of Mr Pickwick'. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Members.

CONCERTS

MERMAID THEATRE (CIT. 7656)
SUN. 15 JANUARY AT 7.30 p.m.
TRIO DI BOLZANO

Trio op. 67 SHOSTAKOVICH
Trio in E Major, K 542 MOZART
Trio in A minor RAVEL

Tickets 5s., 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Theatre

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LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music by C. P. E. Bach, Corelli, Berkeley, Bach, Telemann, Vivaldi. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat. 21 Jan. at 7.45. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 15 Jan.: Will Hay in 'Oh! Mr Porter' (U). From 16 Jan.: Melina Mercouri in Dassin's 'Celui Qui Doit Mourir' (X).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sat. 14 January, Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s.

GRAND Carnival Dance WEA Central London Branch. Saturday 21 January 7.30-11 p.m. at The Orange Tree opp. Euston Square Station. Tickets 6s. from J. Cave, 9 Fitzroy Square, W1.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON ART GALLERY
Church Street

Memorial Exhibition of the work of
REX WHISTLER
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7 to 29 JANUARY

Weekdays: 10-7. Sundays: 2-6.
Admission free.

IRELAND'S Greatest Treasure: The Book of Kells. Never before seen outside Ireland, this priceless 8th Century illuminated manuscript, and other beautiful examples of Celtic art from Trinity College, Dublin, may now be seen in the Exhibition of Celtic Manuscripts at Burlington House, together with the Book of Lindisfarne from the British Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Sundays 2-6 p.m. 12 January-5 March. Admission 2s. 6d.

RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. With Selected Group from Paris. 19 Jan.-3 Feb. Wkdays 10-5 p.m. Adm 1s. 6d.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. 'Construction: England: 1950-60' (Pasmore, Martin, Hill, etc.), to 4 Feb., 10-6.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Painters of 1960. (Weekdays 10-5.30 and Sats 10-1).

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Lanscapes John O'Connor. 10-31 Jan.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Hans Tisdall – Paintings. Until 10 Feb. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

CHILDREN'S Paintings and Craft Work. Work by children aged from five to sixteen is now invited for the fourteenth annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. The closing date for entries is 1 March 1961. Write now for leaflet giving rules and conditions of entry to: National Exhibition of Children's Art, Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

MURAL Art Today at the Victoria and Albert Museum. 10-6 daily, 2-6 Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d. Closing 15 Jan.

LEICESTER Galleries. Annual New Year Exhibition. Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. 1st Anniversary Exhibition 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

MOLTON Gallery. Zadkine – Sculpture, Drawings and Lithographs. 10 January – 4 February. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

ZADKINE. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 12 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

BERNARD Leach. Fifty years a potter. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Admits also to Landscape for Living).

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay – paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Vera Haller and Wolfgang Hollegha. Two Painters from Europe. 19 January-18 February. Preview for members 6 p.m. 18 January. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

LANDSCAPE for Living. Arranged by Institute of Landscape Architects. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Admits also to Bernard Leach).

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Third Annual Sculpture Exhibition. 2 Jan.-21 Jan. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

THE Waddington Galleries. Paintings Henri Hayden. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Japanese Paintings and Woodcuts, and 100 unidentified Early English Water-colours.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

'SOCIALIST THOUGHT IN A DIVIDED EUROPE'

Discussion Forum. Socialist Union of Central-Eastern Europe.

Speakers: Anthony Crosland, MP, Walter Padley, MP, Vilem Bernard (Czechoslovakia), Zygmunt Zaremba (Poland). Chair: Albert Carthy, Secretary of the Socialist International. Caxton Hall (Court Room). Tuesday, 17 January, 7.30 p.m.

BRAINS TRUST ON GHANA

There will be a Brains Trust on Ghana at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Wednesday, 18 January at 7 p.m.

CHAIRMAN:
J. G. Amamoo, Public Relations Adviser, Ghana High Commission.

Panel consists of: (1) E. K. Addae Esq., Counsellor, Ghana High Commission; (2) S. E. Bassey Esq., Asst Trade Commissioner; (3) Miss Emelia Aryee, Barrister-at-Law; (4) Mrs Sophia Jiagge, Asst Education Attaché; (5) J. A. Afari Esq., First Secretary.

Questions may be sent to the Public Relations Adviser, Ghana High Commission, 13 Belgrave Square, London, SW1. Admission is FREE and all are welcome.

COLLET'S RUSSIAN BOOKSHOP
presents

A Talk On
METHODS OF TEACHING RUSSIAN
by

Prof. V. A. Dobromyslov, corresponding Member of the RSFSR Academy of Pedagogical Sciences.

The talk will be in Russian at moderate speed.

At: NEW HOLBORN CENTRAL LIBRARY, 32 Theobalds Road, WC1. Saturday, 21 JANUARY, 10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Admission 2s. 6d. TICKETS available from Collet's Russian Bookshop, 44/45 Museum Street, WC1.

Education Forum 'THE YOUNGER GENERATION' Sunday, 22 January, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
SCHOOL – HOME – LEISURE
The Community's Responsibilities.
Openers: Miss Hephzibah Menuhin
Mr H. Raymond King, MA
Delegates – visitors' tickets from:
National Assembly of Women,
122 Wilton Rd, SW1. Tel. VIC. 3545.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON NLR CLUB

ALGERIA, REFERENDUM & THE ATTITUDE OF THE LEFT

Speakers: Mohammed Kellou and Professor Marianne Deboujy (Professor of English at Lille University)
ACT Hall, 2 Soho Square.
Monday, 16 Jan. 8 p.m.
Admission:
Members 1s. 6d. non-members **2s. 6d.**

The New Left Education Study Group will meet once a fortnight commencing on Tuesday, 17 Jan. with a Symposium: THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS AND ADOLESCENT NEEDS.
Partisan Basement, 6 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. James Callaghan, MP, on 'Africans and the Central Federation'. Wed. 18 Jan., 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 52 Charleville Road, W14.

LABOUR'S Policy – What Next? Hear Ian Mikardo, Stephen Swingler, Jim Mortimer of VFS and Cllr Ron Spurway, Fred White of Clause Four Policy Campaign, 2 p.m. Sun. 22 January Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1.

'HOW far can Jews in East and West Co-operate in a Divided World?'; Discussion between Prof. Hyman Levy, Mr Emanuel Litvinoff, Dr S. A. Miller and Dr S. J. Roth; Chairman, Mr J. Halevy, M.Sc.; Tuesday, 17 January, 33 Seymour Place, London, W1, at 8 p.m.: World Jewish Congress, Jewish Forum.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Psychology: Melanie Klein – a commemorative talk by Dr Hannah Segal. Chairman: Stuart Hampshire. Tuesday 17 January at 8.15 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Art Image of Tomorrow. Robert Freeman: 'Urban X Ray'. A fully illustrated talk on the organisation and styling of design and environment. The first of six lectures. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Thursday 19 January, 8.15 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Members' Introductory Party. Dancing to Cosmo Combo and his Group. Wednesday 18 January, 8.30-11 p.m. Members free. Non-members 2s. 6d.

'AMERICAN Poetry in the 1950's' a lecture by John Malcolm Brinnin, American poet and critic, US Embassy, Upper Brook Street entrance, London, W1. Wednesday, 18 Jan., 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

'THE Artist and Politics' – a talk given by Mr Cyril Lindsay, Principal, St Giles School of Languages. New Jewish Society, Wed. 18 January, 83 Chiltern Street, W1, at 8 p.m.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2 p.m. 17 Jan. 'Poetry of Significant Nonsense' by Professor L. W. Forster; 19 Jan. 'China's Economic Development' by Miss Audrey G. Donnithorne. Admission free. Details of public lectures from Publications Office (send stamped envelope).

SOUTH African Action Conference: Unity Hse, Euston Rd. Sat. 28 Jan. Dets: Anti-Apartheid, 200 Gower St, NW1. EUS. 5786.

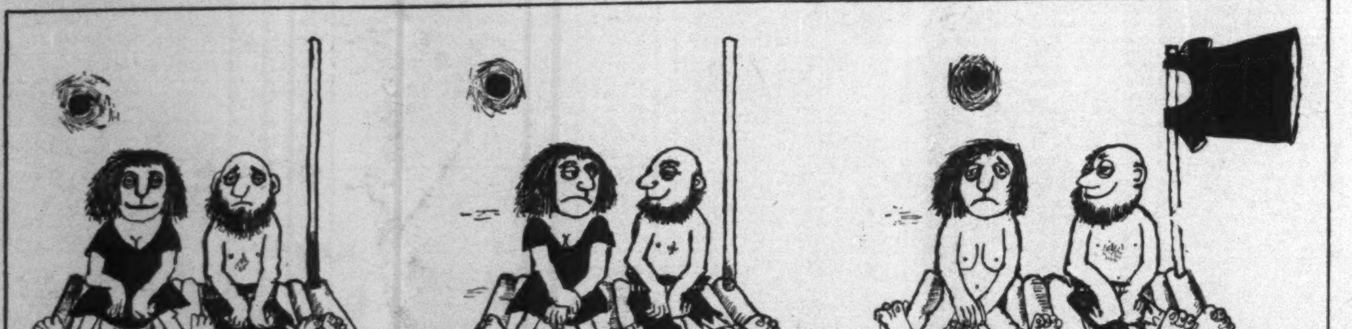
THE Growing Challenge of Humanism – a Brains Trust, at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Sat. 14 Jan. at 2.45 – Hampstead Humanist Society.

GURDJIEFF and Ouspensky's teaching. New Realm Study Group. Livingstone House, Carteret St, Broadway, SW1. Every Wed. 7 p.m. Adm. 4s.

'MAN'S Influence on the Weather' – lecture at Effra School, Effra Parade, SW2. Speaker: Prof. B. J. Mason (Cloud Physics D. Imp.Coll.) Monday, 16 Jan., 8 p.m. All welcome. Adm. free. Follow up U. of L. Extension Course – Physics and Mod. Society. BRI. 4782.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.75



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